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30p Vol. 8 No. 8

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Yugoslavia's fabulous star in a summer strip-off

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN'S GUIDE TO CONVINCING HIS WIFE

NUDE:
THE DAILY MIRROR'S FACE OF '73

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FILMS THAT TURN GIRLS ON

THE SCHOOLBOY WHO BECAME BRITAIN'S FIRST AIR ACE

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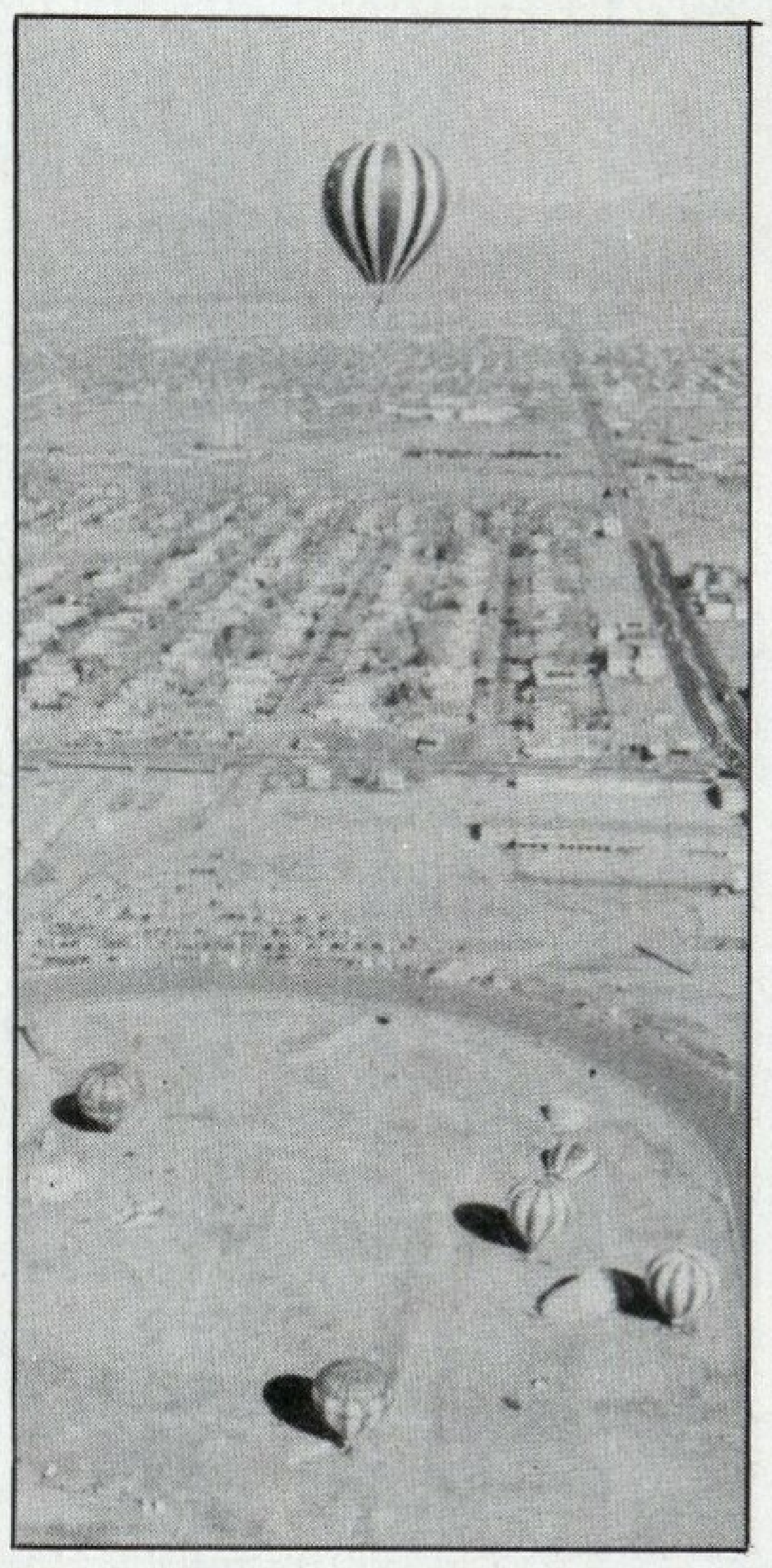
A top fashion model isn't just any body. Page 45



Bright balloons. Page 52

SPECIAL FEATURES

Electrician, violinist and barely out of school. In the third of our Great War air ace series, Gerald Rawling tells the startling story of Albert Ball VC, Britain's first great air ace. Stephen Marks' remarkable pictures reveal the majesty and drama of hot air ballooning and motorman William Boddy analyses the Yellow Peril in the shape of the Datsun 240Z GT coupé.

GIRLS

One of Britain's top models – the long, tall and sexy Stephanie McLean bares herself exclusively – and finally – for our centre pages. Balkan beauty Nanette Dundek says why she likes Englishmen and shows why they like her. Lucy Lunn, our favourite Marshan, talks about 'synful' weeks in Kent, while songbird Nicole Benson describes how music turns her on.

HUMOUR

If you're going to tell a lie, tell a big one. Pauline Thompson gives the definitive bounder's guide to deceiving a wife or a girlfriend – or both. All set for an afternoon of lust with the delicious Daphne, David Jones' Morgan is hauled off to a cricket match to face a mad bowler. Carrie breaks in a housebreaker by making him rise to the occasion, and for that after dinner glow there's a page of choice jokes.

INFORMERS

Blue films are usually regarded as a male preoccupation. Women are not supposed to get anything out of watching the act of love. Quest talks to three who unwittingly found themselves in a stag film audience, and reacted in ways that overturn all the theories. Nightlifer Kenneth Dowd takes a look at the latest concessionary club.

FICTION

Mayfair's Great 1973 Holiday issue offers a double ration of fiction. What would you do if a beautiful blonde asked you to pose in the nude? The hero of David Lee's *Double Exposure* vows that if it's one off it's all off. Stephen Plaskett's hero tries the direct approach when he finds love-in-a-mist on a cold mountain ledge in Wales.

READER SERVICES

Get the Mayfairs you missed in our special back number offer; be a member of 400 top clubs with our unique club scheme; read our latest books and see five fabulous centre nudes in our popular film society.

CRITICS

Sex confessions of the Women's Libbers give book reviewer Arthur Pottersman a pain. David Quinlan reviews science fiction and naughty nuns.

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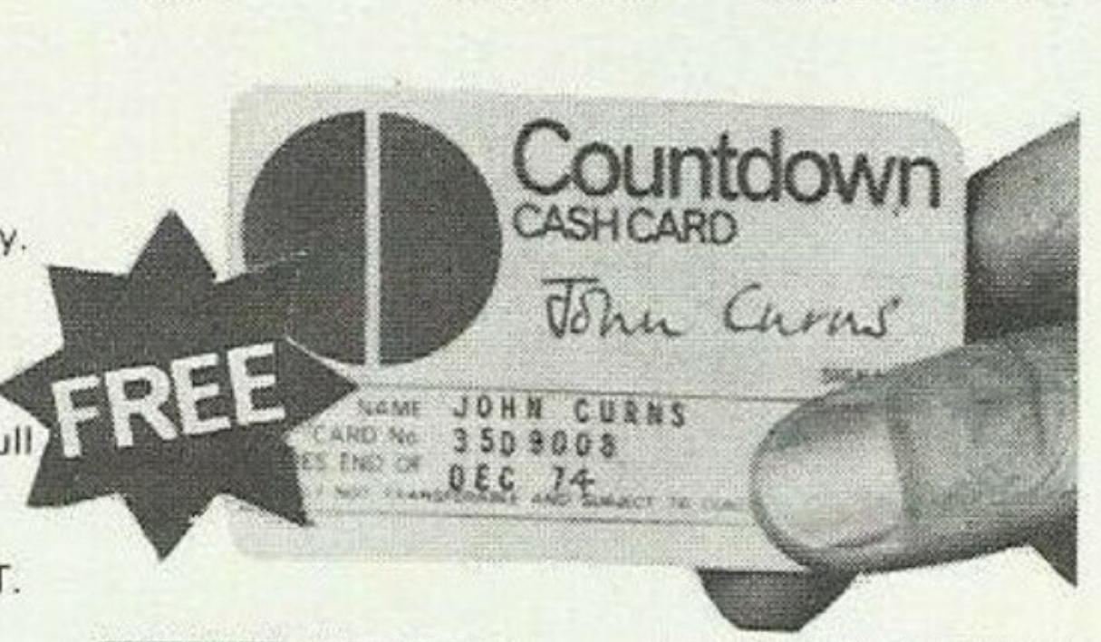

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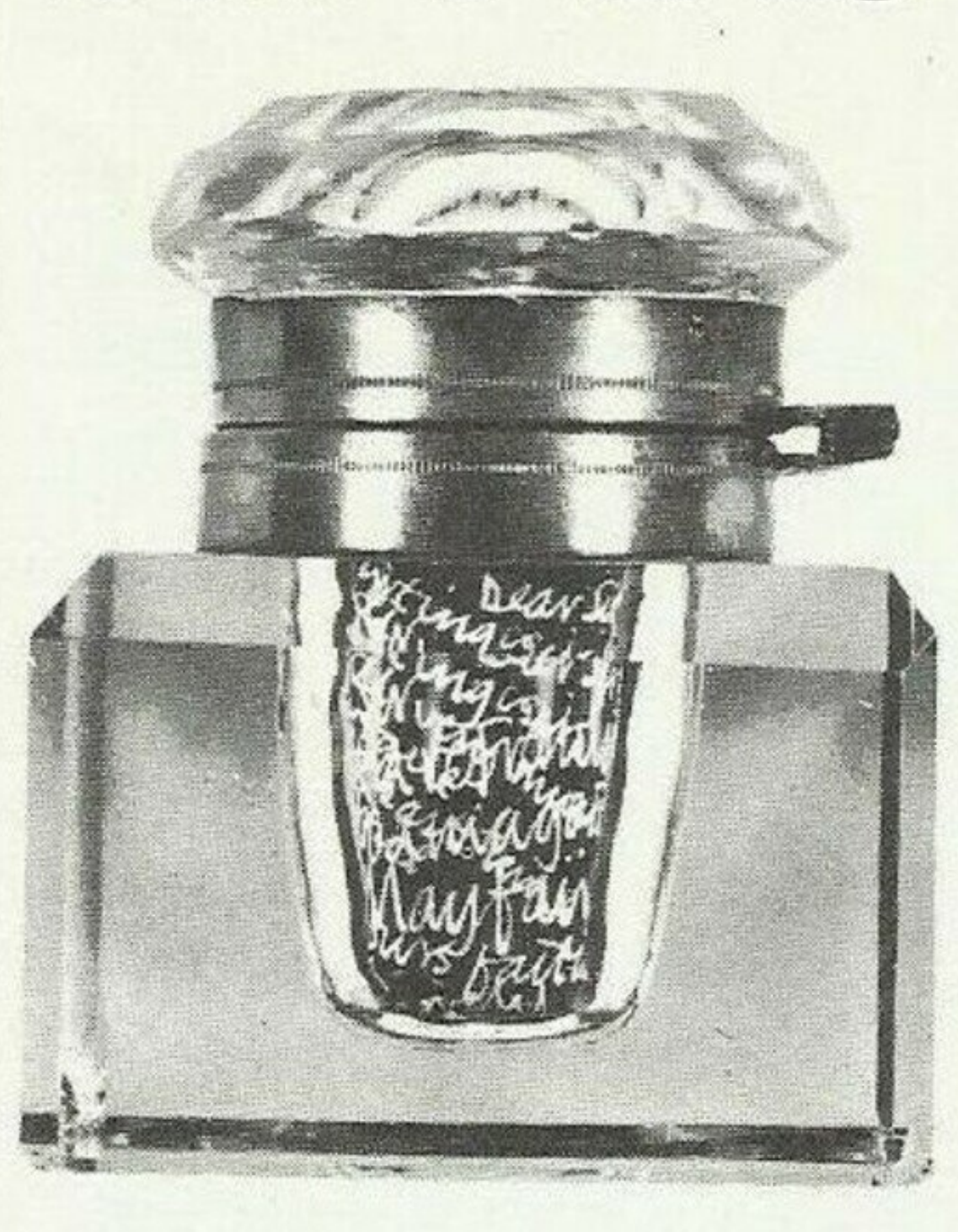
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

My sexual partner and I have developed our physical relationship so highly that mutual orgasm can be delayed until the precise moment of choice. We copulate whilst listening to Beethoven's Sixth (The 'Pastoral') Symphony. The fourth movement of this work, 'The Tempest', is most appropriate for the moment of orgasm. 'The Shepherd's Hymn of Thanksgiving,' which follows, imparts a beautiful finale to the act. Only very rarely have we failed to follow the record closely. I sincerely believe that it makes sex much more enjoyable and meaningful to both of us.

P.N., Leicester

The Music Lovers *was never like this.*

Driving up the M1 the other day a business colleague who was with me claimed that it was an absolute fact – though never publicly admitted – that there were workmen's bodies embedded in the concrete on some of the motorway bridges. I've heard this mentioned before and it quite intrigued me then. Can you throw any light?

P. Reynolds, Birmingham

This seems to be a growing folk myth of our time, Mr Reynolds. Certainly all builders and Ministries concerned have vehemently denied that anything like this has, or ever could happen. It strikes us as the modern version of the old seafaring myth of shipbuilders being trapped between the hulls of vessels. Older analogies reach back to the building of the Pyramids. However, since concrete does take time to set, such an act is technically possible, and there are rumours of criminal gangs having disposed of victims in this way. All the same, it would still be difficult to accomplish without the complicity of the whole construction team. Come to think of it, if a gang had buried someone in a shallow, and detectable grave in Epping Forest, for example, it would be a very wise move to put around a rumour that the – relatively impregnable – motorway bridges were his, or her, final resting place.

I was reading an article the other day about the desirability of British Rail providing love-compartments on certain long distance trains and this reminded me of an instance which may interest readers.

Returning home from a business trip in the North-East of England about a year ago I found myself in the same compartment as a rather attractive girl whom I estimated to be about 22. She was sitting in the corner with her legs crossed, wearing a mini-skirt and revealing a large amount of thigh. There was no one else in the compartment and after a few cautious glimpses at each other we struck up a conversation. It was then that I noticed she was reading what appeared to be a naturist magazine. She noticed that I was looking at it and asked if I was interested in naturism. I displayed a certain interest and she moved onto my side of the compartment to show me the magazine. To cut a short story even shorter we were soon laid out on the seat exchanging kisses. I thought I was doing quite well until I suggested that we pull down the blinds. Instead she asked would I mind if we went to the toilet. I was flabbergasted, but she took my hand and led me down the corridor. She told me that she had always wanted to make love in a railway toilet. Not wishing to disappoint the young lady I obliged her wishes in an upright position. After we had finished we returned to the compartment and resumed conversation until we reached London and I had time to contemplate the privations of your average British Rail loo. So if British Rail can't be persuaded to provide purpose-built compartments for the amorous couple, perhaps they would consider a short-term measure – that is, enlarge their toilets somewhat and perhaps even install a cushion dispenser.

Bruce Shepherd, Bletchley

We always suspected that being railroaded wasn't as unpleasant as they said.

I was very interested to read your article on the Loch Ness Monster in Vol. 8 No. 6. Perhaps we have at last come to the end of the 'silly season' approach to this phenomenon and all the evidence can be sifted and judged in a proper scientific manner. Your readers might be interested to know that sightings of large unknown animals are by no means confined to Loch Ness, or even to Scotland. Kelpies or water horses (each-uisge in Gaelic) are common in Highland folklore, and 'monster'-like phenomena have been observed in at least eight other lochs. The Loch Morar Survey in 1971, for example, unearthed almost as much evidence in support of a Loch Morar monster as there exists for 'Nessie'. There have also been sightings in Irish loughs and in large deep lakes throughout the world.

F. W. Elliott, London, SW14

I have something to say to your male readers who are always calling out for pictures of girls with big busts. My eldest daughter is 21 and nature has given her the misfortune to be laden with these measurements: 45-27-36. So Barbie-Jane Howard (Vol. 8 No. 5) and Linda Dawn Saunders (Vol. 8. No. 4) just aren't in the running!

Her bras have to be made at a cost of £3 each and the last swim suit cost £12 and she had to wait two months for it. She is very good looking, with long dark hair, and many girls would have capitalized on such assets. As she is a radiographer she couldn't think of such a thing as it might damage her career. So the next time your readers ask for the big girls just remember they have a lot more to carry around with them for more reasons than the obvious one.

Mrs R.B., Colchester

Regarding the article on vasectomy published in Vol. 8 No. 3, I enclose a cutting from the Johannesburg *Star*, which appears to show another side of the picture.

'Early in 1971 Mr and Mrs Harvey had two boys and a girl. They considered their family complete, so, after discussion with a doctor, Mr Harvey underwent a vasectomy. In June 1972, more than a year after the operation, Mrs Harvey became pregnant. After sperm tests it was found that Mr Harvey was as potent as any man who had not had a vasectomy.'

The newspaper contacted several Johannesburg doctors on the question of successful vasectomy.

'The common opinion was that it could never be guaranteed successful. It was the usual practice for tests to be done at intervals up to a year after the operation, after which the patient could be given the "all clear" if the tests proved negative.'

W. Dobson, Corletonville, South Africa

We talked to Dr Michael Smith, chief medical advisor to the Family Planning Association who confirmed this. 'Medicine isn't an exact science, though vasectomy is as near 100 per cent successful as we can make it,' he said. There were three main reasons for failure: (1) though it's normal for men to have two vas, or tubes taking sperm from the testes to the penis, some had an extra tube – due to a minor abnormality – which might go undetected; (2) the natural tendency of the body is to repair any damaged part, so that the two severed ends might draw together again. 'We do our best to avoid this by cutting out a large chunk and tying back the ends,' said Dr Smith; (3) sperm can survive up to three months in the tubes, so that a 'washing out' process lasting that time is a must. The only final safeguard was at least two sperm tests after a period of months.

I thought I was unlucky when last Sunday my car was hit by a car wrecker, when my vehicle wasn't in his yard! But worse than that was still to come.

Today I received a letter from the Customs Department stating they had seized my copy of *Mayfair* Vol. 8 No. 2 as 'it is the opinion of my Head Office that the Indecent Pub-

turn to page 8

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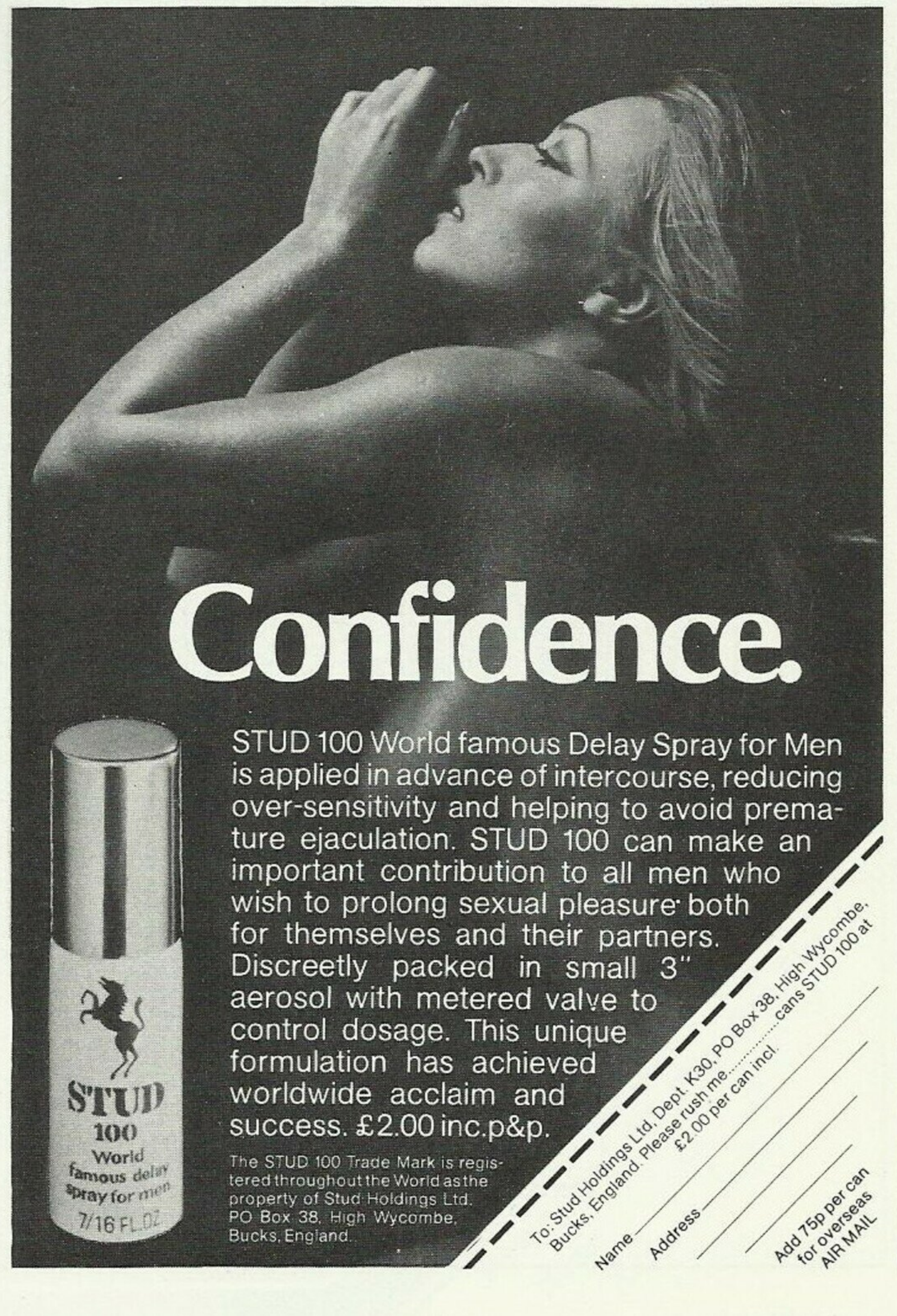

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LETTERS

continued from page 7

lications Tribunal would classify this magazine in the same way as editions 5 and 6 (here referring to Vol. 7).' Until recently I would not have considered New Zealand as backward or underdeveloped, but it would appear that the group of so-called experts who comprise the Indecent Publications Tribunal need some development of brain power. Last year they found *Mayfair* Vol. 7 Nos. 5 and 6 'unconditionally indecent.' Unbeknown to Customs I did receive Vol. 7 No. 6 (No. 5 didn't arrive) and anyone who considered it indecent must be in need of help from a mental hospital. Now it seems that 'a concerted effort' is being made to keep 'corrupting literature out of the country,' as I have been told by a Customs official that all future editions of *Mayfair* will be considered indecent. So much for the idea of anyone being innocent until proven guilty.

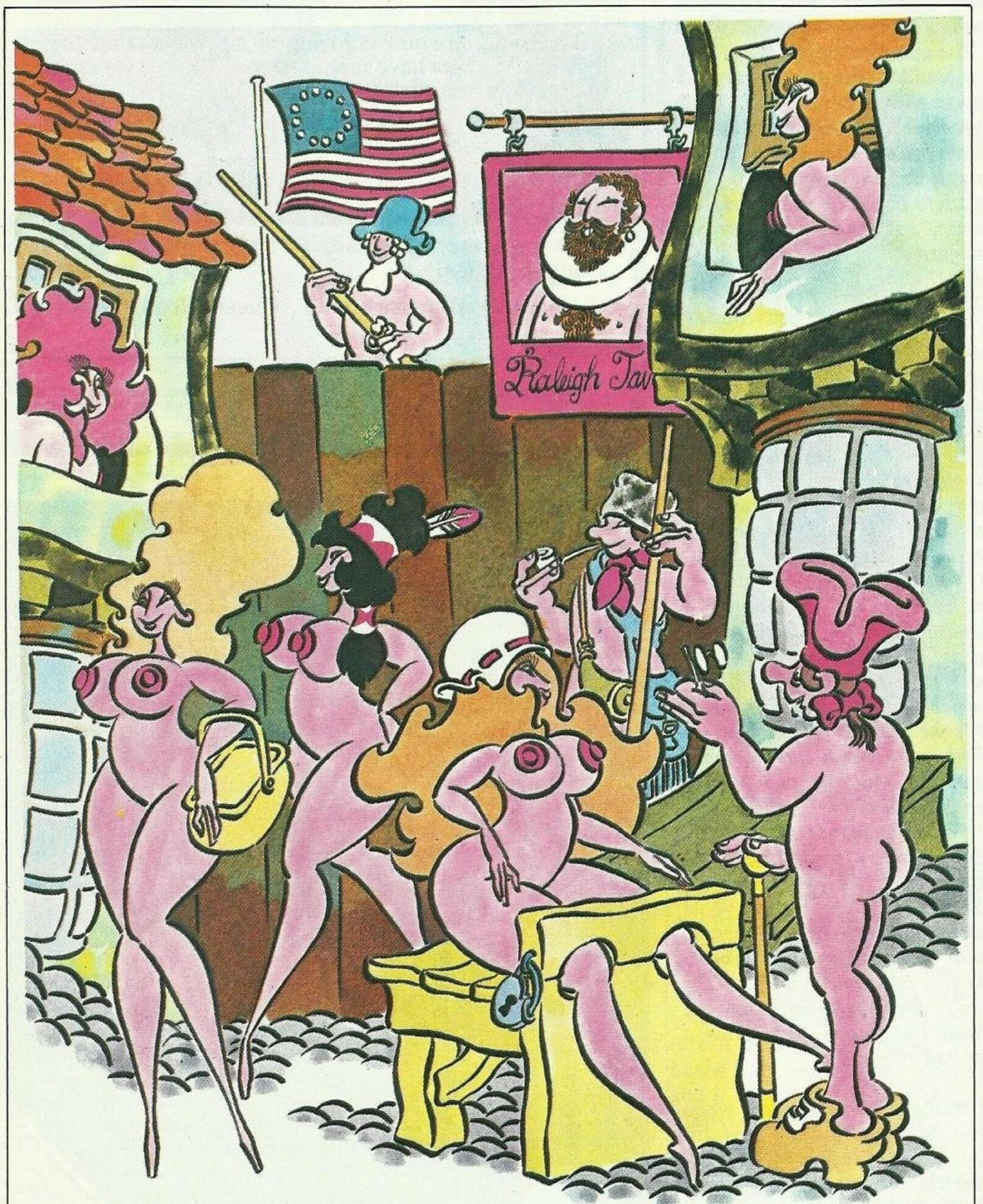
So friends in the motherland, please think of me reading *Noddy* (until Big Ears is found to be the result of an unnatural sex act and banned) so that I may remain incorrupt and innocent.

R. M. Edmunds, Napier, New Zealand

A sad tale, indeed, Mr Edmunds. All the more so since Mayfair is on full display at all major newsagents here.

Congratulations on yet another excellent edition of *Mayfair*. So far, the best three girls have been Pobbles, Dawn and Barbie-Jane. Coming as they do respectively from Bristol, Cambridge and Cardiff (in alphabetical order) I notice that their breast measurements are increasing in the same order: 39–40–42. It makes me wonder what fantastic bust you may find by the time you reach York!

R.M.Y., Northumberland



'Things have certainly got better since we became a nudist colony instead of a British one.'

As a regular reader of *Mayfair* I have read on several occasions of claims to have had sexual intercourse in unusual or semi-public places. Some sounded very far-fetched, and at one time, I would have discounted them, but a recent experience of my own, which I swear is perfectly true, makes almost anything possible! My girlfriend and I had long been fascinated by the idea of intercourse in water, and whether it was even possible for me to sustain an erection and initiate the act at that temperature. The trouble was, the only place we were ever 'together in water' was at a nearby public baths, and on the face of it this seemed completely impossible.

However, one night towards the end of the season there were very few people there; mostly children dabbling around in the shallow end with parents. Half in fun, I suggested to my love that this could be the night! We were touching each other under the water and, despite the low temperature, I soon had a huge erection, and her wetness was not entirely due to her being submerged. Finally I said, 'I'm going to swim to the deep end – if you follow me, I'll know you want to try!' I did so and she was soon at my side. I was fairly throbbing with the thrill of anticipation, though I still wasn't sure how we could manage it without attracting unwanted attention. Then, at her suggestion, I floated on my back, almost submerged, while she 'squatted' over me, facing the same direction. She opened her legs, eased the leg of her pants to one side, and guided me in. The delicious warmth inside her vagina after the cold of the water was a fantastic feeling, and since we were both in a high state of excitement, it only took a few vigorous thrusts till she indicated in no uncertain manner that she had reached her

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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

When a beautiful blonde begs you to pose in the nude it should be difficult not to have any hard feelings

Fiction by David Lee

Sitting alone in the living room, Keith heard a knock on the front door. Susan had said she'd be late. It was her final assessment next week and she was still at college finishing a painting. Keith put down his magazine and went to see who it was.

Standing at the top of the stairs was Ruth.

'Hello,' said Keith.

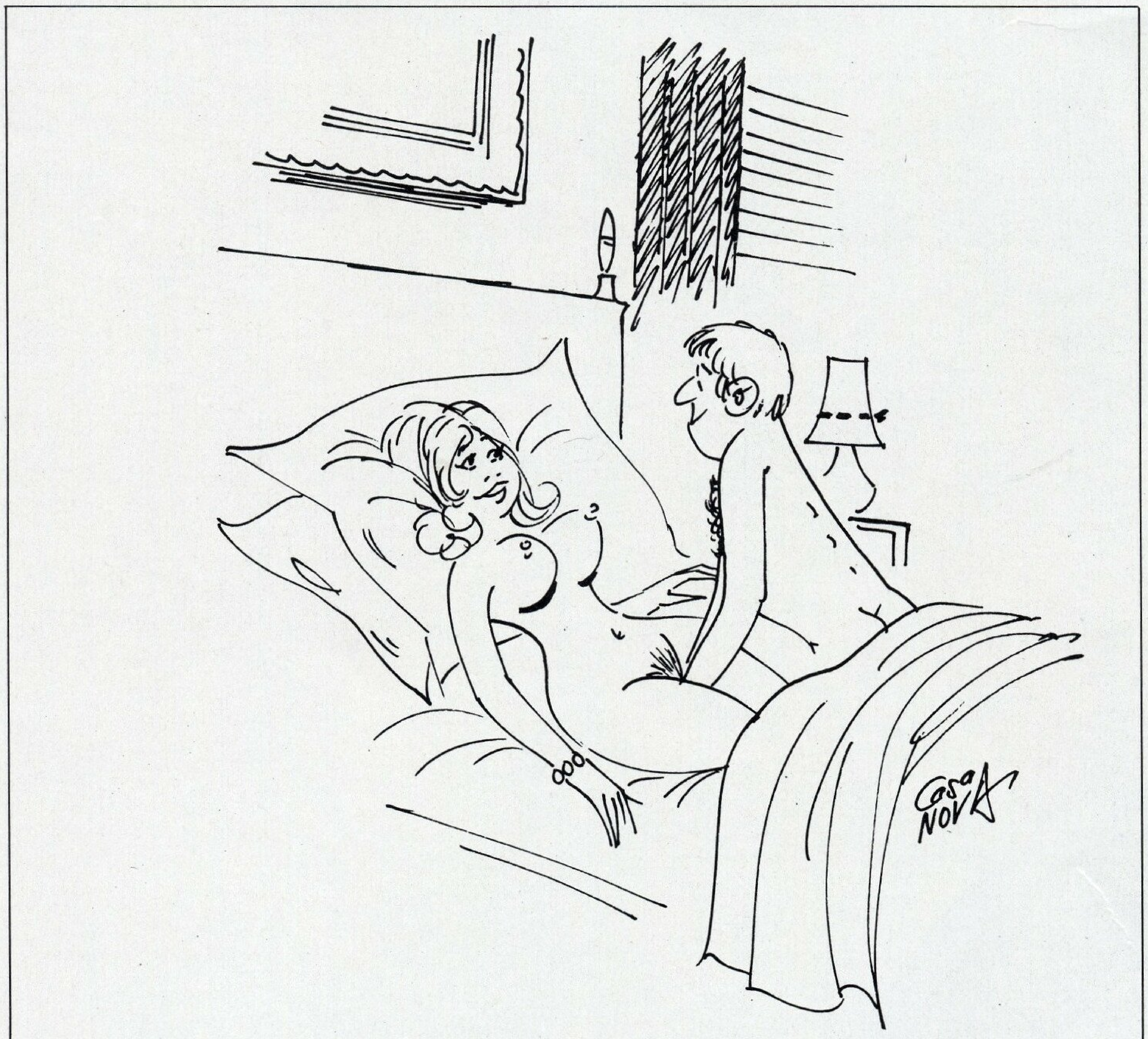
'Hello,' said Ruth.

She came inside, said yes she'd like a cup of coffee, and went into the living room. Keith made two coffees. He'd known Ruth as long as he'd known Susan. They'd met when they lived in the same three-bedroomed flat – along with five or six or sometimes seven others.

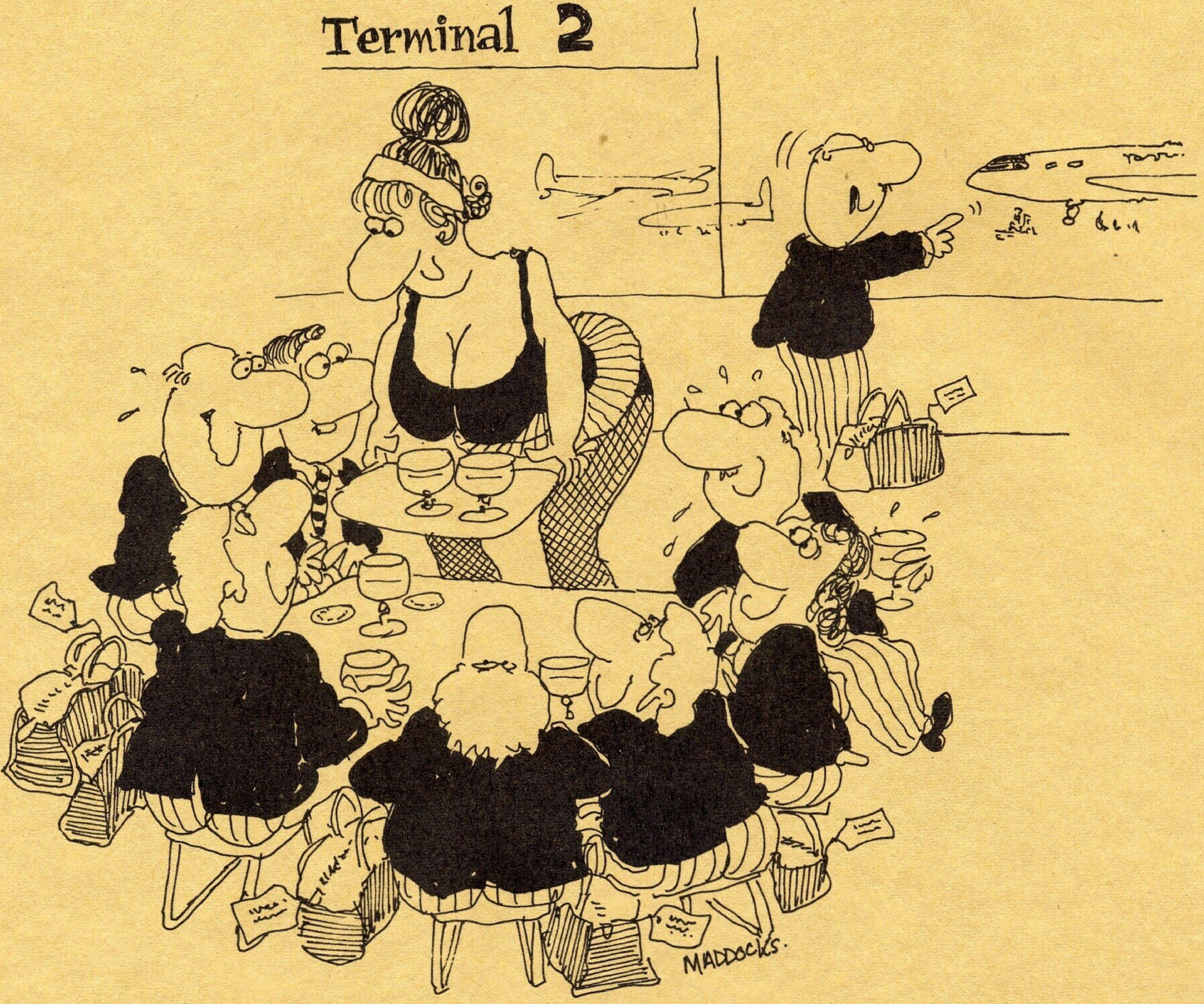
Ruth was a good looking girl in a fashion-model-don't-touch-me kind of way, and Keith had always fancied her. She was always well-groomed, not a hair out of place. And had things worked out slightly differently, he might have been living with her instead of Susan. She went to the same art college

turn to page 14

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR



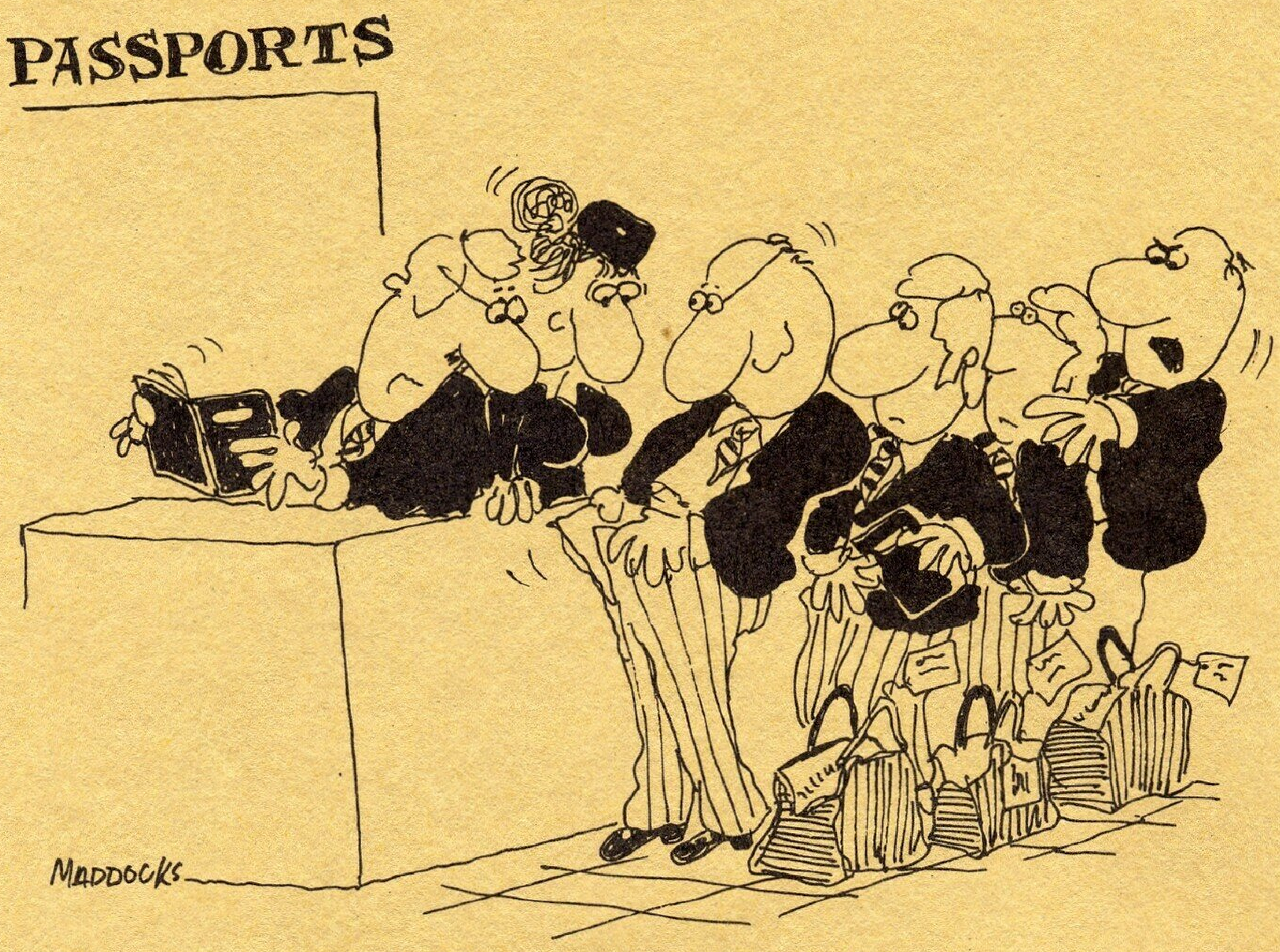
'I know it's a great place to warm your hands, but don't you ever get cold ears?'


Terminal 2
MADDOCKS.

'Hey fellas – I can see two Jumbos.'

It's Chummier by Charter

Cheap charter flights bring
exotic parts within the grasp of most
of us, observes Peter Maddocks


PASSPORTS
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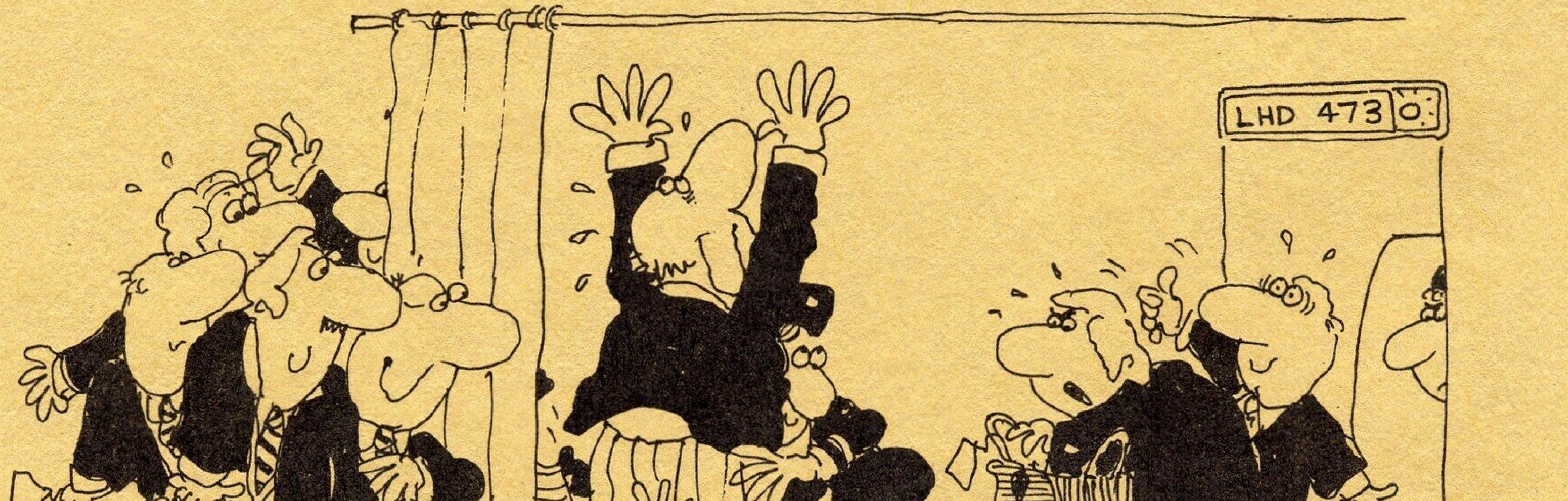
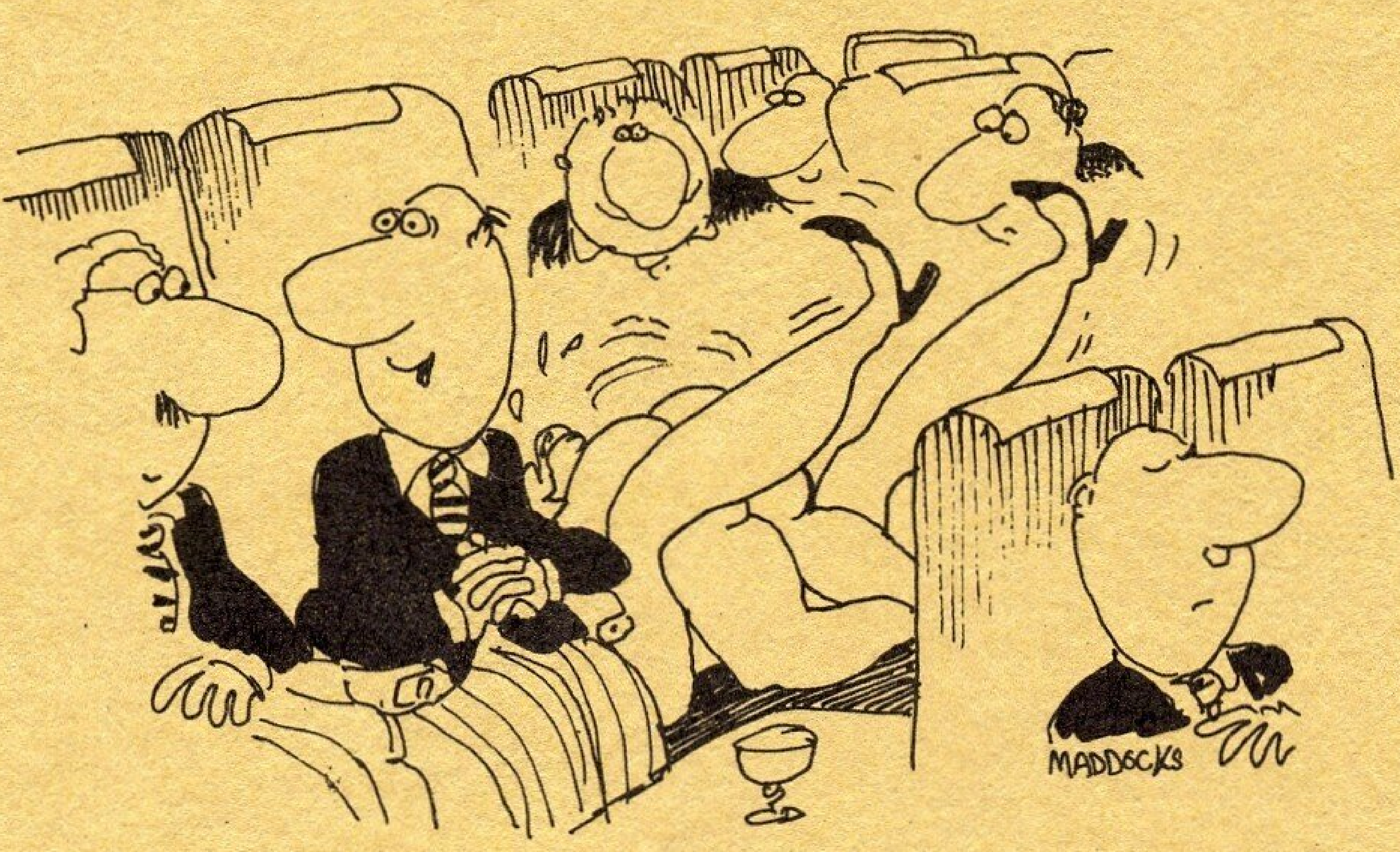
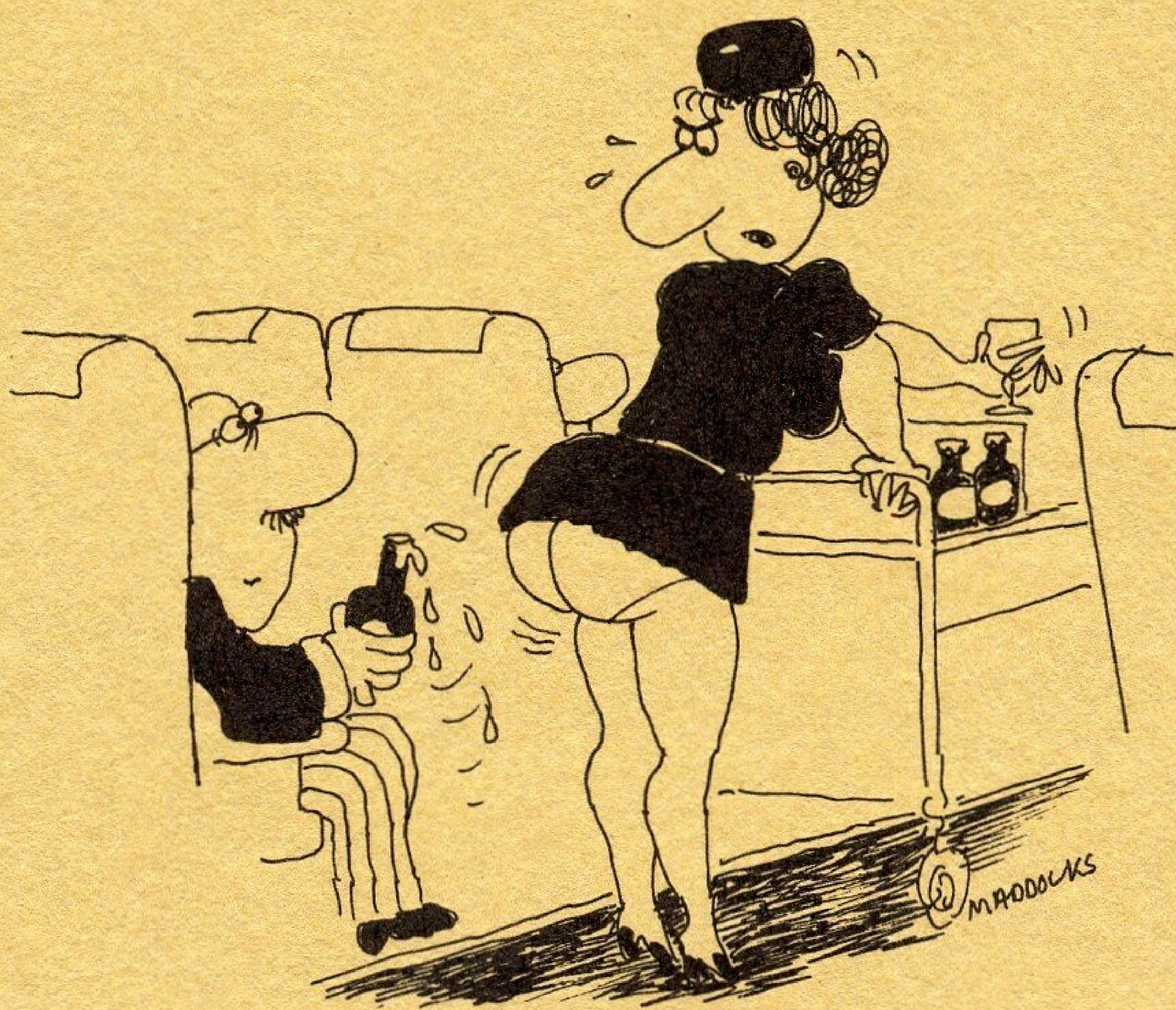
'Come on, your picture's enough without showing your special peculiarities.'


LHD 473
MADDOCKS

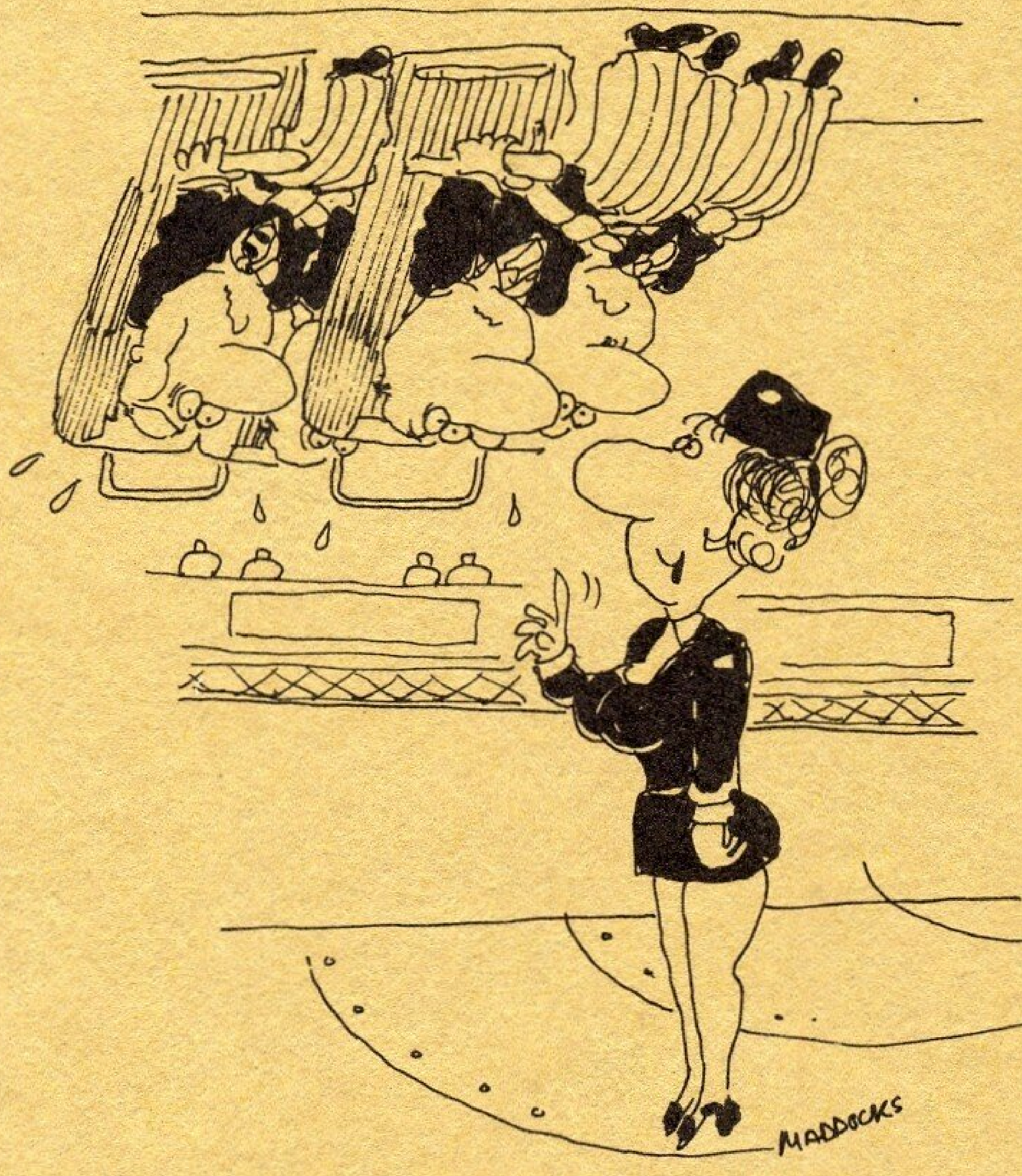
'For God's sake let me do that – they've already been around twice!'



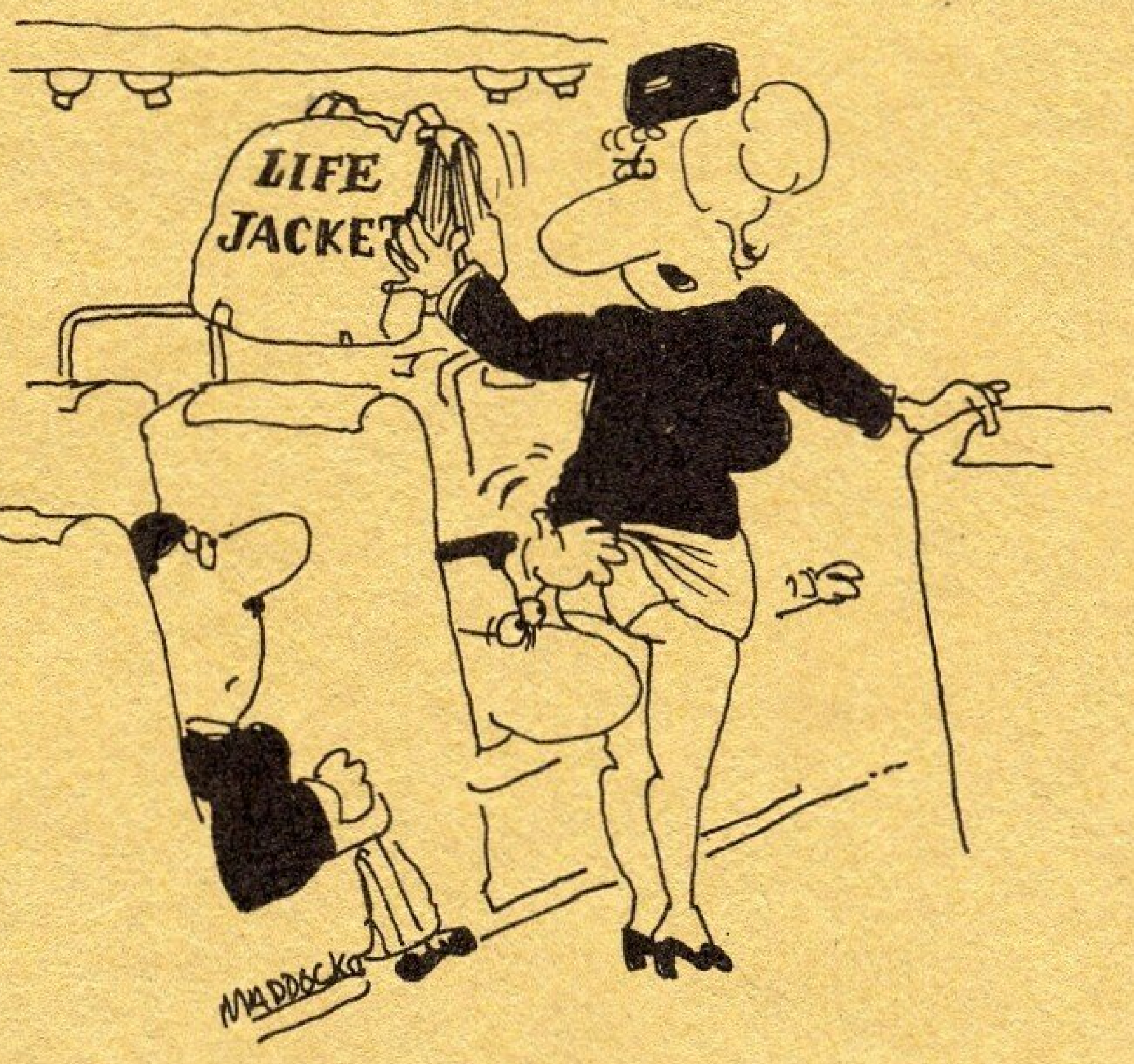
'He's right – it can be done at 30,000 feet.'



'Couldn't you have waited,
or at least asked for a bottle opener?'



'It's just the pilot telling you to keep your hands to yourselves.'


LIFE JACKET
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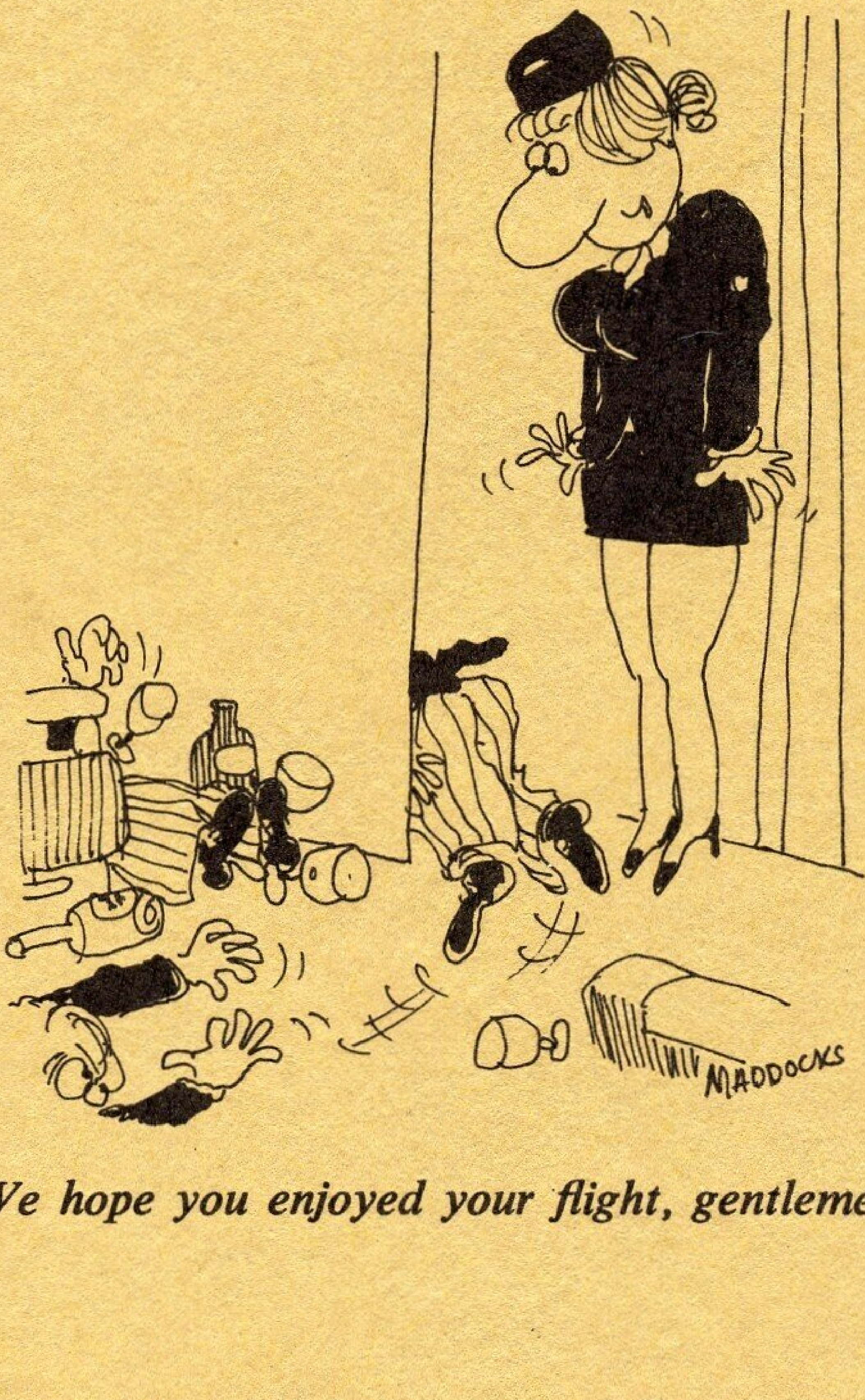
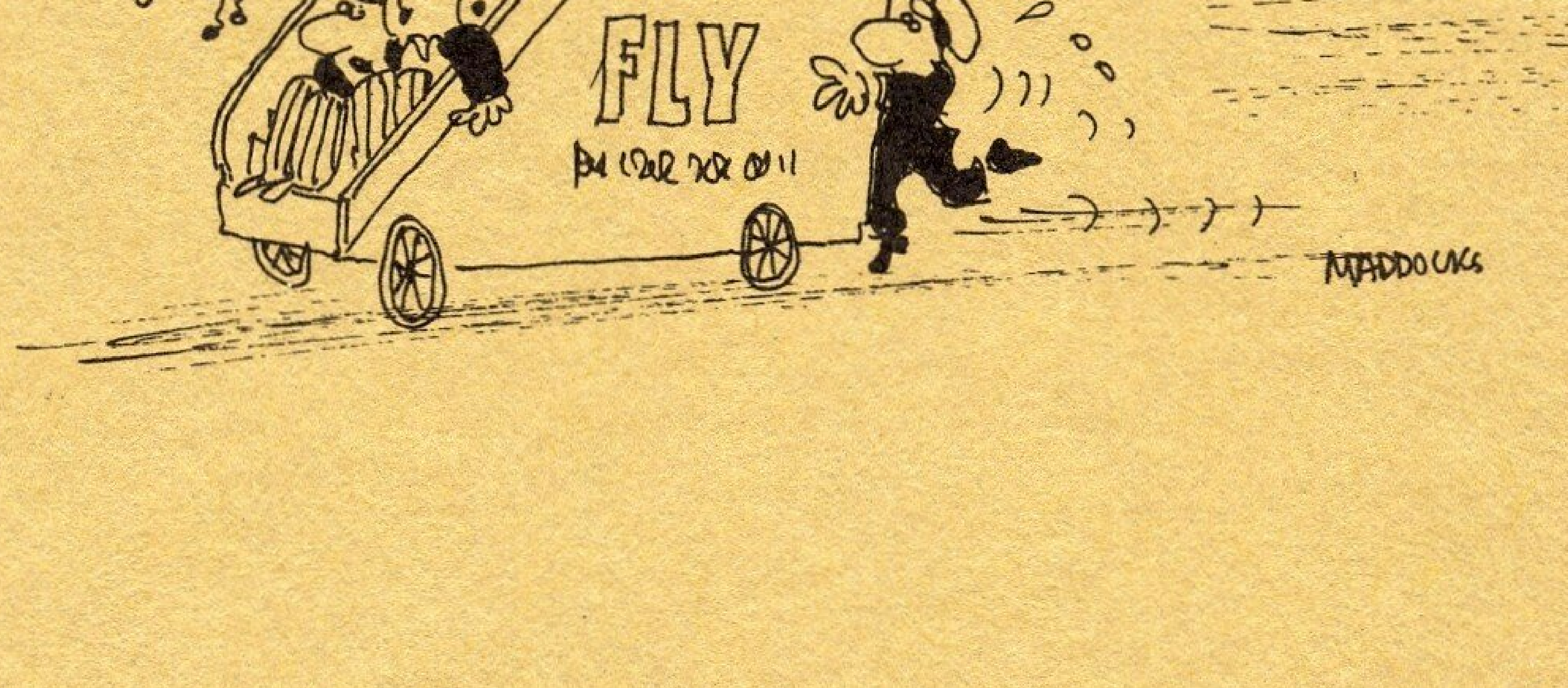
'Under your seat, sir . . .'



'We hope you enjoyed your flight, gentlemen.'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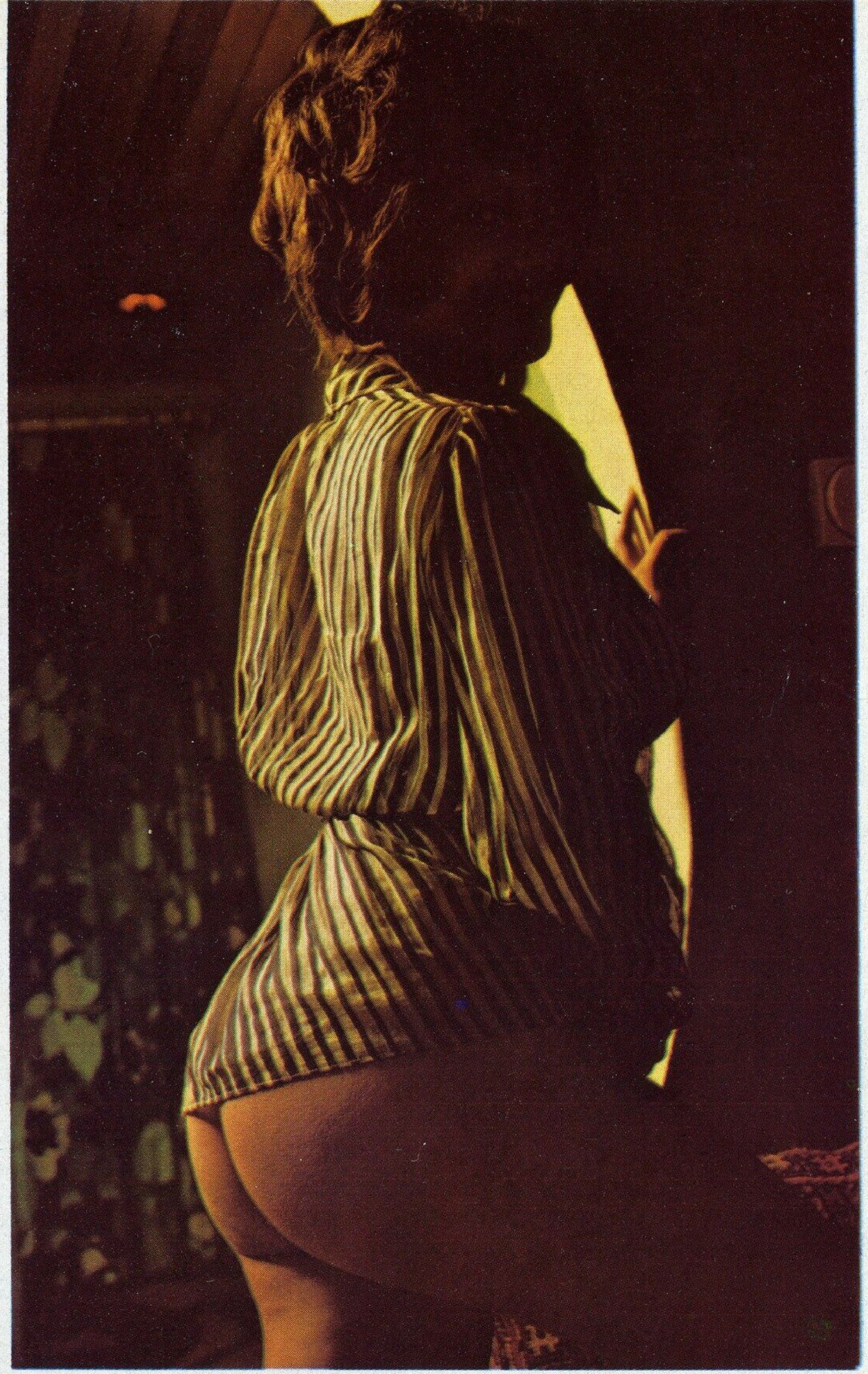
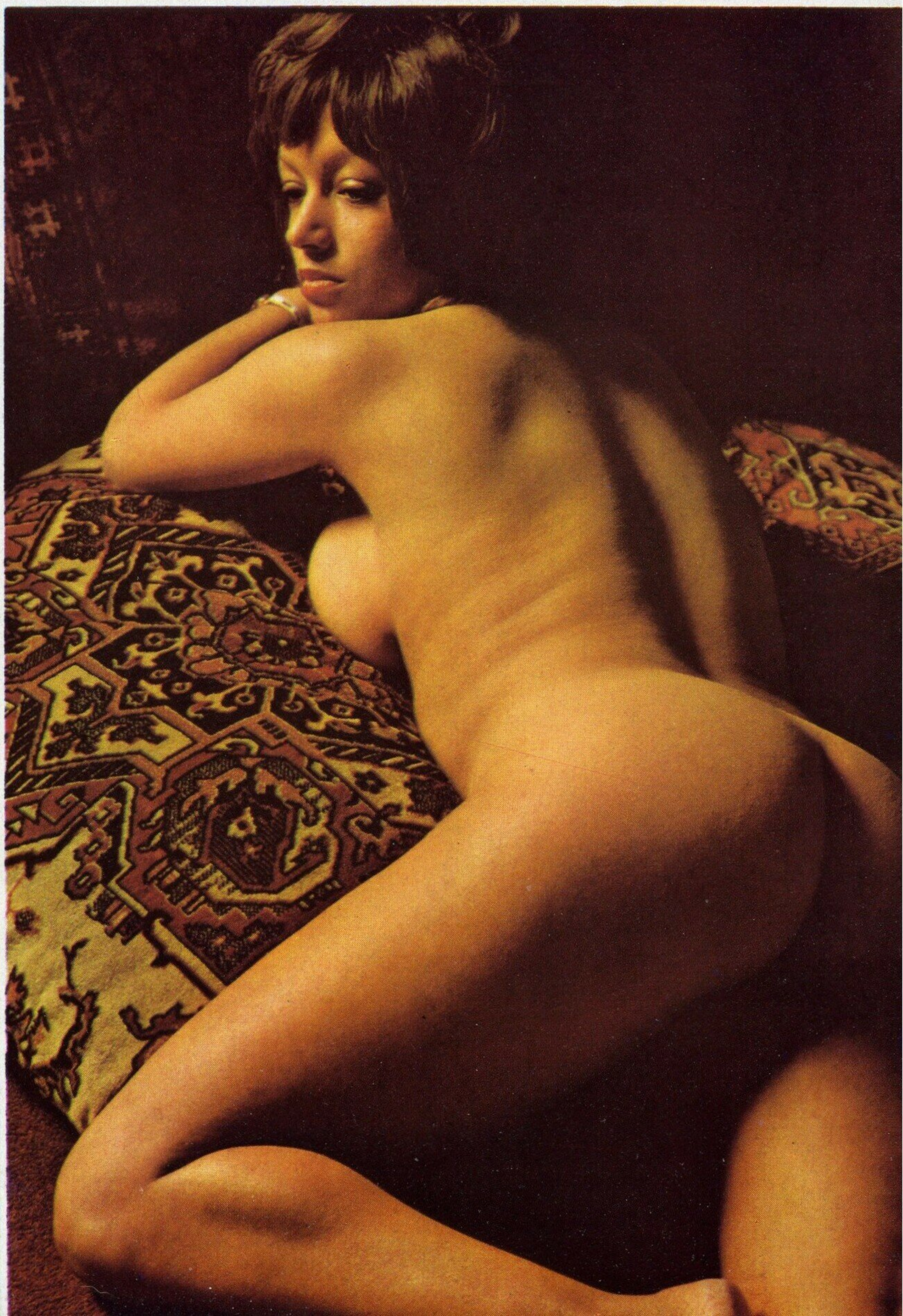


NICOLE

Music is more than the food of love to 24-year-old Nicole Benson, it's practically love itself. 'Something happens to me every time I hear any kind of driving beat,' she says. 'It goes straight to my stomach, explodes and makes my skin burn and glow.' Her rich warm tones mould the words almost physically, milking them of every slight, exciting innuendo. No one chats to Miss Benson; conversation is a sensual experience: a dangerous duel between seducer and seduced – though who, you wonder fleetingly, is who? Then, when rape seems imminent, she bursts into bright, self-mocking laughter. Nicole Benson, you realise, is a tease: a balancer on the sexual tightrope. Only one thing is guaranteed. Love her or loathe her, you will never ever ignore her. 'I've been accused of being childish,' she admits, 'and I suppose I am in a way. I'm really like the teeny bopper who got turned on by music at the age of 15 and never got over it. But what's wrong with that? You know I have friends my age who wouldn't dare go into a discotheque because they say they feel silly

now. I think that's criminal!' Stretching her 5 feet 6½ inches on a sofa her hand unconsciously caresses the soft fabric. 'Feeling seems to me what it's all about. That's what the poets write about, isn't it? Listening to exciting music is as important to me as feeling a man's hands on my body.' All 35-25-36 inches of it. She looks as you, eyes watchful and challenging. Then she smiles. 'As important, not more important,' she says. Born in Gloucester Nicole describes her family background as 'exotic.' Her father, the product of English and Dutch East Indian parents, comes from Java. Her mother grew up near Deauville in France but her family came originally from Spain. 'I'm the most international person I know,' she jokes. 'My mother still speaks French – especially when she's angry. But I regard myself as completely British.' The family wanderlust appears to have affected her only slightly, and then in the interests of music. A month after leaving school she was

dancing as a go-go girl in a Cardiff nightclub. 'Incredibly hard work and incredible fun. I'd have done it for nothing,' she says. 'I was spending half my waking life on a kind of wave of ecstacy. At the end of the evening they had to pull me off the stage.' She left when the management decided to make the club topless. 'In fact I don't think it ever came off, if you'll forgive the pun. But I was very young then and I thought it wasn't the thing to do. It was ridiculous really because dancing up there in front of everybody I *felt* naked. Now I think it's absurd wearing frills and furbelows just to dance. Dancing is all about the human body, so why not see it?' That challenging gaze again. All we could do was agree. Since then Nicole has danced in London, Manchester and Bristol, where she had her first opportunity to sing. 'Not an auspicious occasion,' she admits. 'I was too young and certainly too ambitious. But it taught me a lot.' Now she sings part-time with two groups in the city – 'one very heavy, one quite straight, ballads and old standards mostly. It makes a nice contrast.' Off-stage she helps to organise a roving discotheque which plies its trade over the whole of the West Country. Her ambition is to lose herself musically – in public. 'I'd like to combine the gutsy quality of someone like Janis Joplin with the kind of heavybreathing sexiness Jane Birkin put in that record of hers. That would be really exciting. I've only tried it once and the results were very interesting.' 'Interesting' from a voice like Nicole's sounds like an instant Bacchanalian orgy. We're booking for the next performance.



A successful man's guide to convincing his wife

What do you tell your wife when she finds a packet of three in the shirt you left out for the laundry? Pauline Thompson gives a woman's-eye-view on how to lie like a dog and be petted for it. Drawing by Carmo

Do men imagine their women really believe them when they are lying in their teeth? Women never trust the small white lies ('Darling I never noticed her mini skirt, I was looking at that car behind her.' or 'No, I wasn't chatting up Jane at the party last night, I was out of the room trying to fix her 'fridge light.'). These excuses are met with a snort of disbelief. Who does he think he's kidding?

But the downright cold-blooded lie. That's something else. She has found that packet of French letters incredibly left in your top jacket pocket. She flings them down on the ironing board/kitchen dresser/ dressing-table. She stares at you rigid like a terrier about to go for a rat. Three impossible stories flash through your mind. You know they're crazy, so you try the fourth.

'Now listen darling . . .' (This is the play for time as your brain frantically seeks a loophole). If she's not screaming, she is actually listening. 'It's not what you think.' – Whenever a guy says it's not what a girl thinks, you know that it certainly *is* – 'Now it was like this . . .'

The truth she does *not* want to hear. What she wants is an impossible explanation. Give it her. One man I knew when faced with this same daunting situation said with great presence of mind: 'Now look sweetie, I just wanted to look big with the boys. I'm going out drinking tonight and when I pull out my change and a packet falls out on the bar, they think I'm making out with some bird and, well – it just gives me a boost . . . you know I wouldn't really . . .' She hits him just the same, but she sort of believes him.

A girlfriend of mine was ironing her lover's summer shirt and out of the shirt pocket fell a freshly-washed packet of Durex.

'What's this?' she screamed, dropping the iron which soon sizzled on the nylon collar.

'What's what?' lover said, strolling over and freezing in his tracks.

'This!' she yelled louder, flinging them against his chest.

'Good heavens!' he adroitly replied, amazed, letting the damp packet fall to the floor. 'How did they get there?'

'Where did you expect them to be, then?' she rounded on him violently.

'Never seen them before,' the lover stoutly declared, adding sternly: 'Now darling, *you* must have placed them there as a joke . . .'

'A *joke*!' she added, but did switch the iron off.

'Well, if it's not a joke, kindly explain what you are doing with them,' he furiously continued, thus turning the tables. He actually got away with this by pressing on aggressively until his girlfriend decided one of his mates might possibly have planted them. So they were dropped in the fire.

All is well if the wife/girlfriend uses them herself. But I have always found when a man is caught out with French letters for a bit of spare, his regular partner is on the pill or wired up with some other contraption.

Never tell a woman the truth. More men have lost their woman over this than anything else. Always tell a woman what she wants to hear. A woman's memory is more sensitive and retentive than a computer, more cunning than a geiger counter. When caught in a little bit of adultery, never admit it. 'It's a new type of yoga,' 'She is an osteopath,' 'I borrowed my secretary's lipstick to write a note to Fred on his windscreen and had to clean up my hands on my hankie,' are but a few.

The most ingenious excuse I ever heard was from a trapped husband who had just returned from a wonderfully wild two weeks' territorial army training. Men love this anyway, as they go undomesticated for 14 days, live, sleep and breathe with their own sex (with whom they are far happier than with women, if the truth were known). So they always arrive back home in robust good humour. As his wife unpacked his kit, the inevitable was discovered amongst some spare socks.

'How could you,' she sobbed, 'you swine . . . and to think I've cooked you your favourite steak!' she sobbed louder. (Men can never see the connection here, but a woman will.)

'Now look darling,' he said quickly as he put an arm round her which she bit, screaming 'Don't touch me!'

'Don't you know what I used them for?'

'Do you have to *tell* me as well,' she sobbed, striking at his hand.

'It was like this,' he went on relentlessly. 'You see, we had this tough commando course. We had to throw away our kit, swing up on to a rope, hang on through a bloody torrent of river, heave ourselves over the opposite bank and charge through a bramble wood. How was I going to keep the watch you gave me and your old love-letter I always take with me, dry? I had this brilliant idea of using a French letter! It's light, waterproof and pliable and may I say,' he added warmly with great presence of mind, 'it did a grand job. Just look at your letter.' (feverishly digging into his wallet). 'Unscathed! Now apologise!'

And she did!

Confessing, clearing the air and cleaning your breast is the kiss of death to a woman's security and your future. You may have wandered off the straight and narrow in 1952 and *you* won't be able to recall her name, far less the month. However your wife will not only remember the name in full detail, she will remind you it was a Tuesday afternoon, she discovered some lipstick on your old green sweater three days later and for the next 30 years at the most incredibly inopportune moment (if you are still together, that is) she will bring up your peccadillo with unfailing regularity.

Do not say your wild night/quick five minutes/smouldering passion/let-down experience meant nothing to you, was a mere whim of fancy, got it out of your system and/or was as unimportant as taking a bath. She will never forgive you or forget you can treat sex so lightly or so slightly.

Neither swing to the other extreme and say you were drawn to another girl's soul, or spiritual companionship, her sporting ways or her chummy conversational powers. Nothing is more like a red rag to a bull than someone else's spiritual companionship.

You just don't know how to spell adultery, would not know what to do with a dolly bird if you had her in the back of your mini, and are only getting fastidious about your clean shirts and underwear because you feel you are suffering from a slight skin irritation. That is, if you want to keep your wife happy. Don't be fooled by women's lib and free-wheeling birds who say live and let live. Nothing can be more jealous than the free-wheeler.

Golden rules on how to have your cake and eat it:

Firstly, virtue is its own reward. That is absolutely true. You get no other reward.

Secondly, life is only worth living if you have your cake and eat it as well. Who wants a cake they cannot eat?

Never carry your French letters on you, or leave them in your clothes/garage/at home, however well hidden. Sooner or later she will smell them out. The only time it's okay is if you use them together. Keep them in the car, beneath the footmat by the accelerator pedal. Don't leave them hidden in the glove compartment. The kids will probably dig them out one Saturday morning.

Consider your wife's feelings. I mean, she is human isn't she? She can't help it if she does not see things quite your way. Why make her miserable? Be discreet, tactful and kind. Tell her you love her passionately at the most awkward moments, viz when she is putting her hair up in rollers in the bathroom, when she is dishing-up before a difficult dinner-party, on her way out to a Tupperware get-together and she is very late.

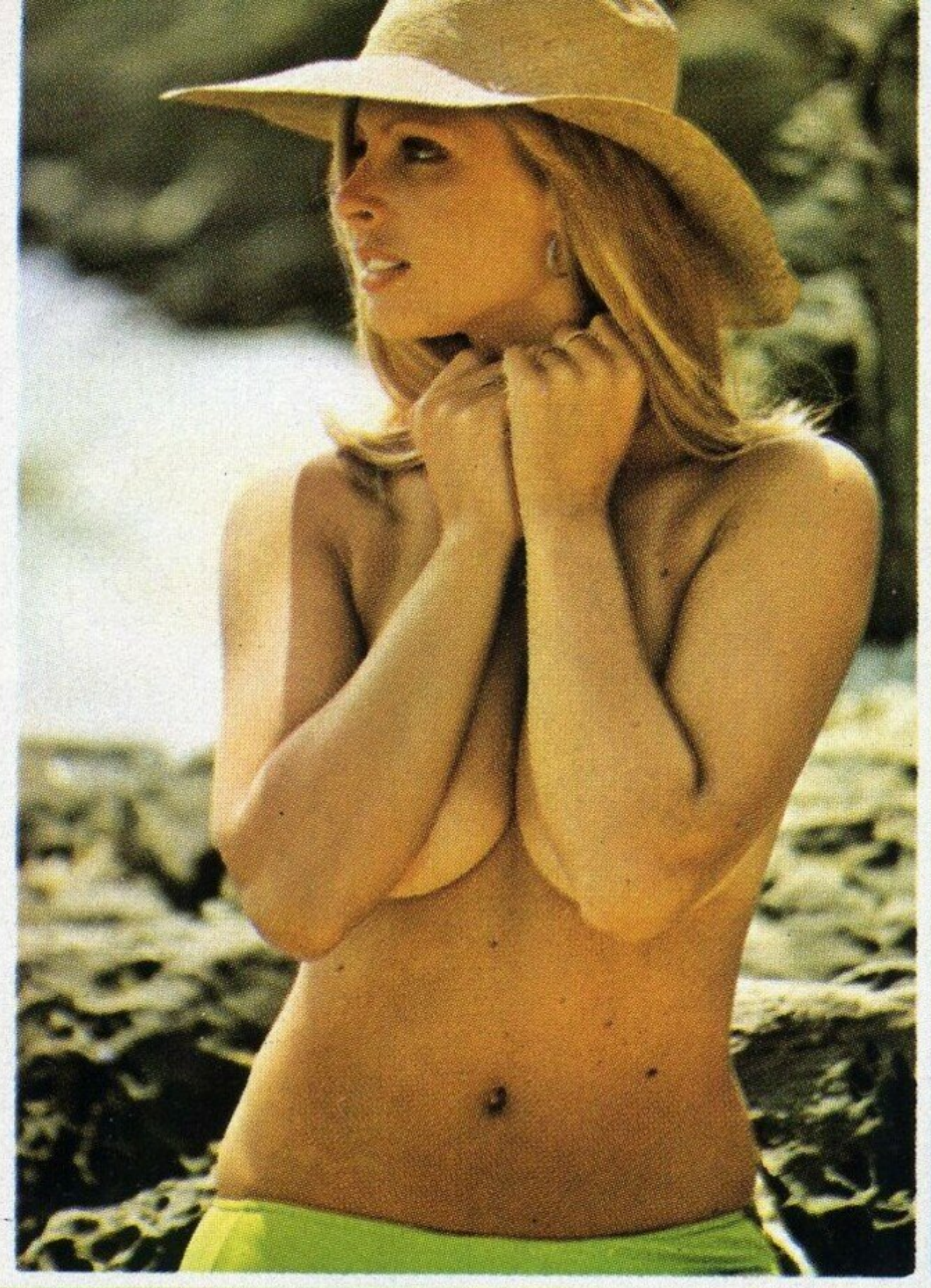
When caught with no escape, all your alibis exposed and you have not got a leg to stand on – but you still want the status quo to continue – then admit nothing. Be imaginative! The sky's the limit! Avoid the truth, plausible reasons and logicality. You're convincing a woman, remember? Then give it to her straight – you were practising first-aid on a new office colleague; she had fainted and needed the kiss of life; how dare your wife suspect you! And what was *she* doing when you were out?

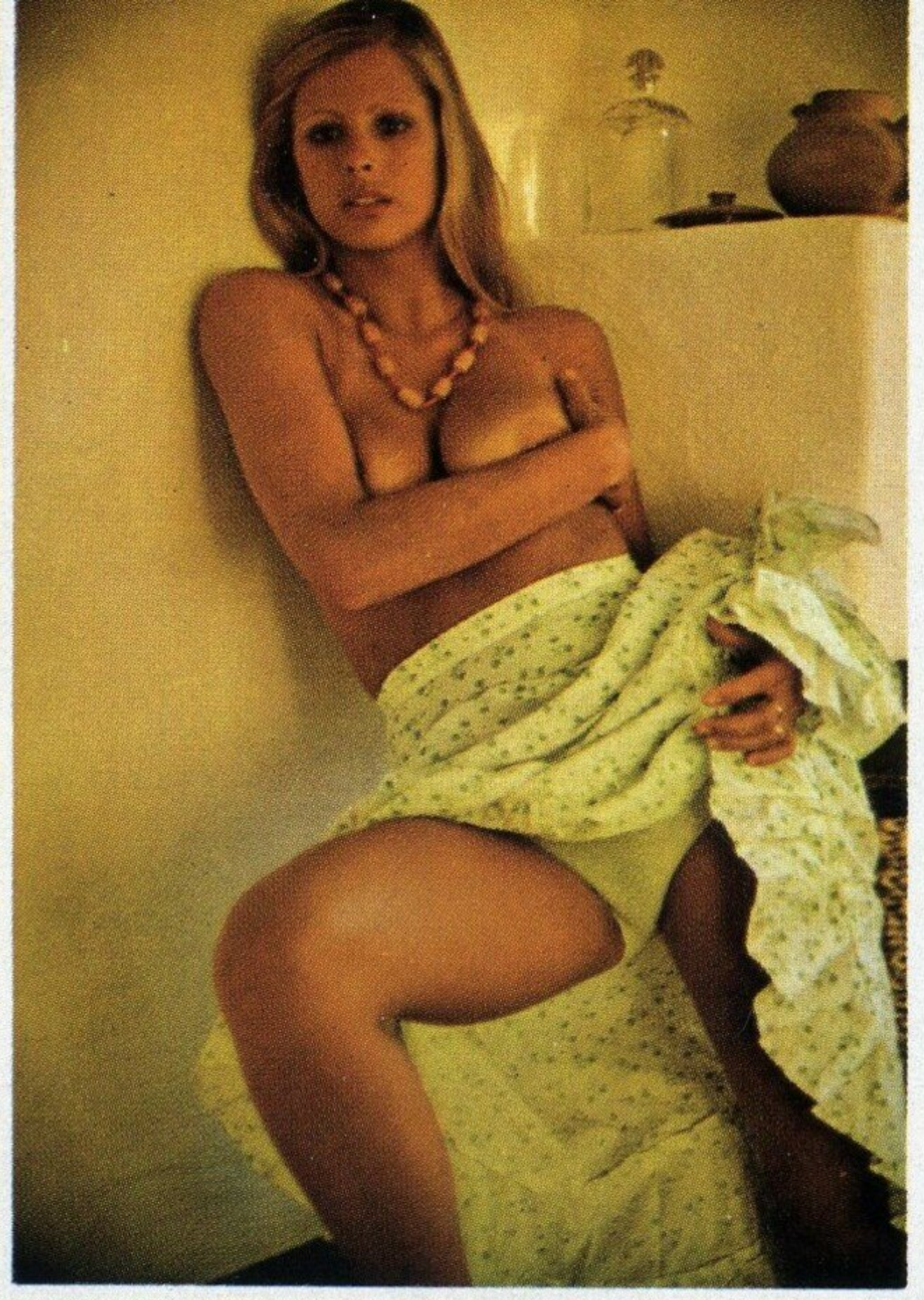
Attack is your best method of defence. Better still, avoid the problem. Choose a girlfriend who is on the pill.

DURAKIT
Carmo

STEPHANIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

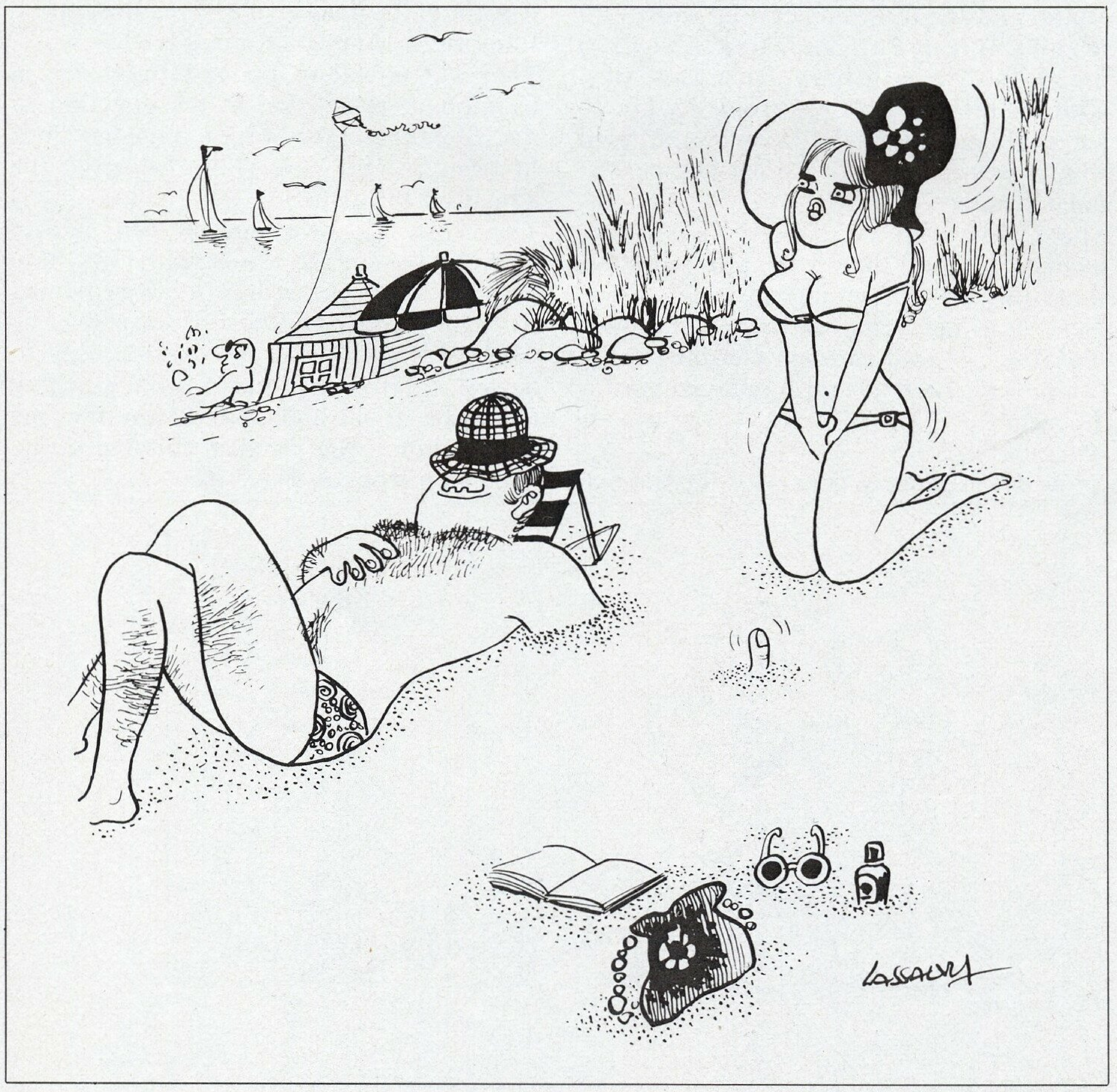




Meet the Daily Mirror's Face of 73 – nude. She's 21-year-old Stephanie McLean and foremost among that sleek and spectacular corps of luscious ladies: the top models of England. Stately of profile and statuesque of form they were once the great 'untouchables' most men ached to touch. Not any more. Gone are the haughty, lust-crushing glances, the Roedean accents and the rare flashes of thigh. Today's top dollies are a richer, riper, earthier variety – like Stephanie. We talked to her on a rare day-off, getting down to the housework in her Putney flat. 'Modelling is sheer awful bloody hard work,' she said. 'You're sent along to a job and there might be 20 other girls auditioning. When they've whittled you down to three you have to talk to about 10 different people – art directors and clients and so on – before you even start. It's a huge drag.' With such a profusion of shapely talent wasn't it ready-made for the casting couch approach? 'Too many people involved,' said Stephanie. 'If you kip with a photographer it's ten-to-one the advertiser won't like you, so

you're no better off.' The super-promiscuous world of *Blow Up* was strictly for the cinema. 'Like most men, photographers will try it if you show interest. I don't show interest, so they don't. Anyway,' she joked. 'I'm bigger than everyone else.' Five feet 9½ inches, 36-24-35 to be exact. Born in West Germany, Stephanie's mother is German, her father an English ex-Army officer. She went to the Lucy Clayton modelling school in Manchester, but left full-time modelling till last April. 'I'm not terribly ambitious,' she said. 'I just like seeing nice pictures of myself!' So do we.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / STEPHANIE McLEAN


LASSALVY

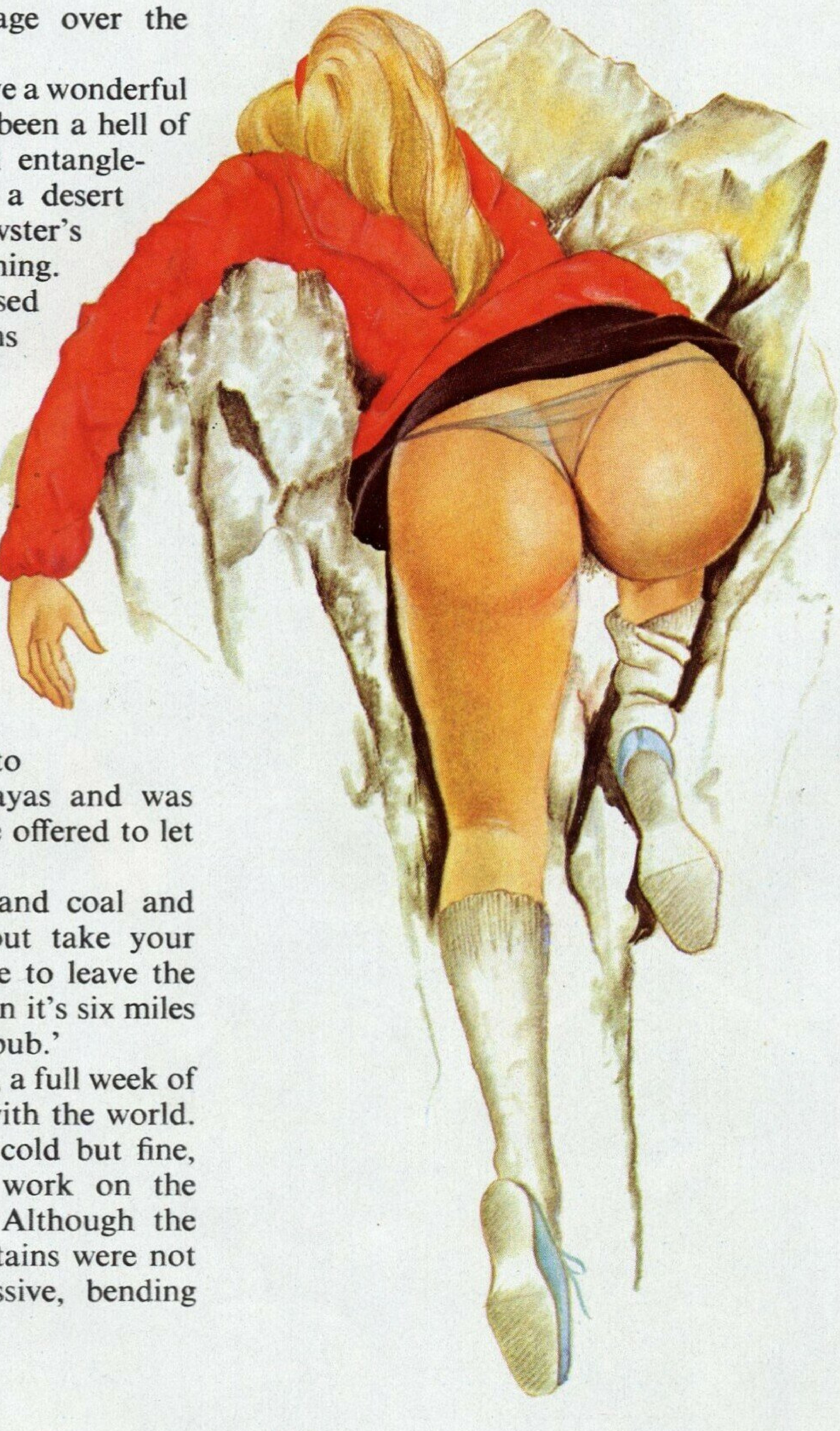
Yugoslav starlet Nanette Dundek

'Trouble brewing in the Balkans' was a phrase that set our Empire-minded predecessors shivering in their spats. Only rumours, rabbles and bombs emerged from there and certainly no one as nice as shapely Nanette Dundek.

Twenty-year-old Nanette hails from Yugoslavia and her taut and tender 34–24–34 inches form a fitting reminder of the new Balkan spirit. Born Nevenka, her high rounded cheekbones and sharp almond eyes distil all the earthy charm and rustic vibrancy of an age-old East European tradition. But Nanette's gaze is fixed firmly on the present. Until recently she lived in West Germany, restricted by work permit problems from displaying her charms on these shores. Britain's EEC entry solved that difficulty at a stroke and now she's working hard in English films. 'Englishmen are gentlemen,' she insists. 'They always open doors.'

GIRL ON THE MOUNTAIN

Misty mountains are no place for a flimsily clad girl — it may take days to get her warm again. Fiction by Stephen Plaskett. Illustrated by Cobb



I drove down to the cottage over the Friday night.

To get away from London gave a wonderful sense of release. Winter had been a hell of routine work and emotional entanglements. What I needed was a desert island to rest up on, but Brewster's cottage was the next best thing.

When I started climbing, I used to camp under the Beacons and train by running up and down Pen-y-Fan. Since then the tourists have taken over the area until it is as crowded and slow moving as Piccadilly in the rush hour. But Brewster bought this cottage in Snowdonia, too far from the spectacular peaks to be on the tourist routes. When he heard I had the chance to join a party to the Himalayas and was hopelessly out of practice, he offered to let me have it for a week.

'There's plenty of paraffin and coal and tinned stuff stored there, but take your own perishables. You'll have to leave the car half a mile away, and then it's six miles to the nearest shop . . . or pub.'

It could not have been better, a full week of complete non-involvement with the world. Saturday and Sunday were cold but fine, and I got in some good work on the slopes behind the cottage. Although the surrounding hills and mountains were not overhigh, they were impressive, bending round the rift and towering above it. There was a tough bit of rock climbing worth tackling later in the week, and further up the rift were some old copper mines, giving a shear face of loose stones.

On Sunday afternoon it started to blow damp. Wisps of cloud hid the high ground and sprays of rain moistened the surface. The unaccustomed exercise had made me sweat and ache, so I decided to call it a day, take a long bath and have a quiet evening. It meant fetching water from the brook to heat in pans on the range. With potatoes baking in their jackets, the whisky out on the table, and a pile of paper-backs waiting, I strolled out to enjoy the dusk and a quiet pipe.

The drizzle had stopped, but the mist was getting lower, blowing in gusts down the valley to bring sudden invisibility. Sitting on a slab by the brook, with my anorak pulled close against the wind, I absorbed the loneliness of the place. The cold wind beat itself against bleak hill tops and menacing crags, promising a bitter night. It made the warmth and comfort of the cottage seem even more attractive, and the harsh remoteness of the rift gave an extra barrier against the outside world.

The mist cleared for a few minutes, moving up the rift and rising over the hills at the far end. There, on the suddenly naked hillside, half way up the old copper mines, was a girl.

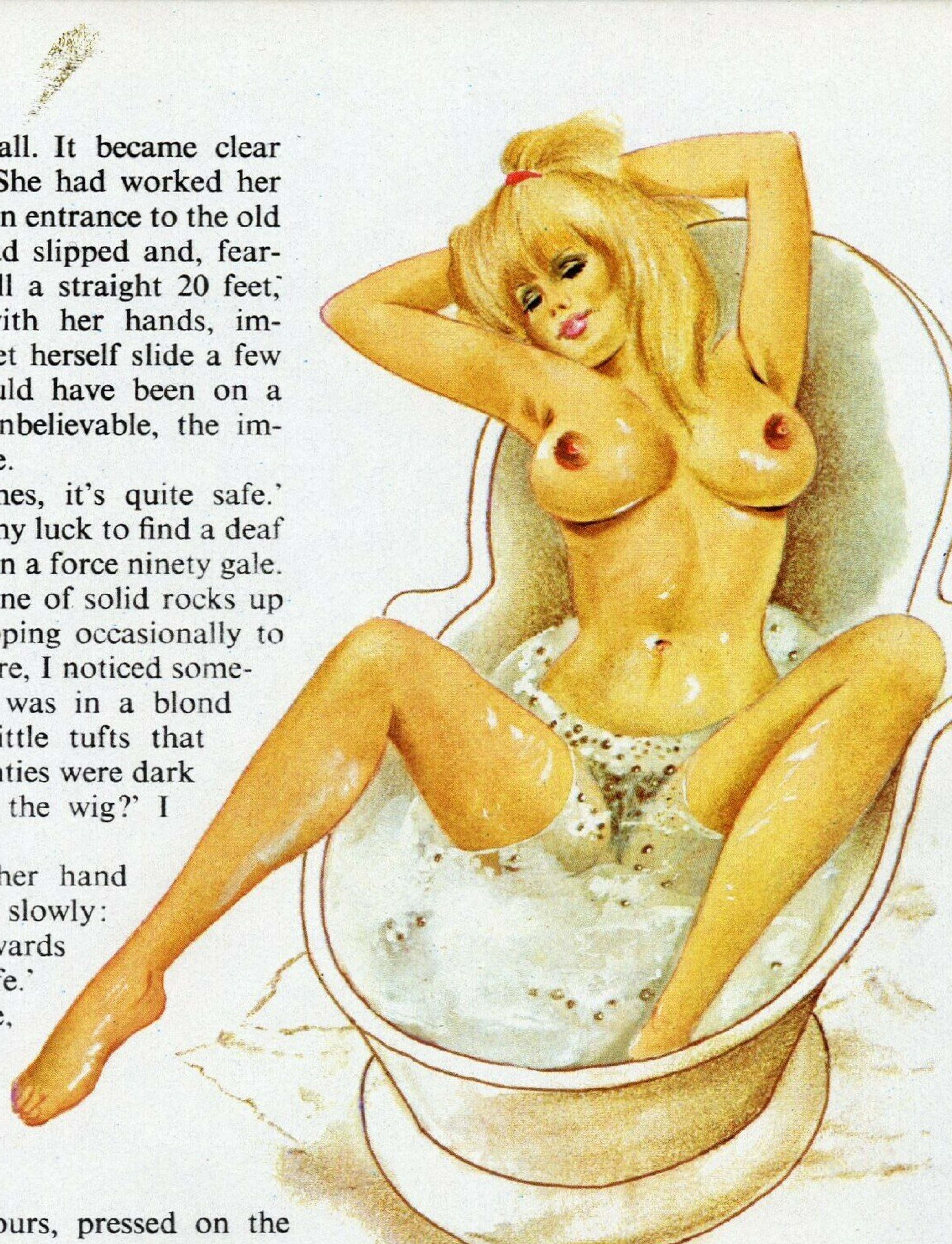
'Silly bitch,' I muttered to myself, noting her scanty clothing and clumsily sprawled position. They do not usually get so far off the tourist routes, these fools dressed in thin cotton and plimsolls. A sunny morning sees them setting out, completely unequipped, and never suspecting that they may meet dangerous climbing conditions or sudden changes of weather. Ninety nine times out of a hundred they are all right. The hundredth, the locals have to risk their lives to save them.

The mist swirled in again and I finished my pipe, ready to go. A gust of wind swept past and for a few seconds the girl was visible in exactly the same position. She must be stuck. Probably there was a bunch of scatty youngsters underneath, giggling and shrieking out advice. I listened, but the only sounds came from the stream and the wind. Damn it. I would have to see if she needed some help.

It did not improve my temper scrambling along the muddy overgrown track to the mines. She

did not answer my call. It became clear what had happened. She had worked her way out above the main entrance to the old workings. Her feet had slipped and, fearful that she would fall a straight 20 feet, she had clung on with her hands, immovable. If she had let herself slide a few inches lower she would have been on a solid ledge. It was unbelievable, the imbecility of the creature.

'Move down six inches, it's quite safe.' She did not stir. Just my luck to find a deaf mute stuck on a rock in a force ninety gale. Following a zig-zag line of solid rocks up to the ledge and stopping occasionally to check she was still there, I noticed something odd. Her hair was in a blond pony tail, but the little tufts that showed beside her panties were dark in colour. 'Which is the wig?' I wondered idly.



Once level, I took her hand firmly and spoke slowly: 'Work your way towards me, I have you safe.' She still did not move, but I could hear her breathing very softly in a terrified whimper. Then I understood. She had been like this for hours, pressed on the cold face in icy wind and damp. At first too petrified to move, now too exhausted to understand. Slowly I edged over her, using the ledge for my feet, and reached out for her right hand. She had gripped a root firmly when her feet slipped and her fingers seemed to have fused to it. Slowly they prized open. Then, keeping her pinned between me and the rock, I edged back from the hole.

She was suffering from exposure, unable to answer the simplest question, disinterested in survival. Theoretically she would have been better wrapped up where she was till help came, but that could take hours. It took long enough as it was, easing her down the slope, then struggling to carry her down the rough track. By that time I was sweating, though when I had first stripped off my anorak and sweater for her, the wind seemed to cut right through.

The cottage was filled with steam from the boiling water. She lay on the settee, still cocooned in my clothes, looking deathly pale and cold. Unless she was warmed quickly she might well die, and there was only the light of the paraffin lamps to work by.

'Why should it happen to me?' I questioned, half filling the tin bath from the outhouse.

The rest of the hot water stood beside it, ready for topping up.

There was no time to be gentle in bringing the poor little body back to life. Her flesh was congealed with cold, even in that room, which felt like a turkish bath. The silly, gay blouse unbuttoned and peeled off, and underneath was salmon coloured, frilly bra, padlocked somewhere round the back. That and her leather skirt had to be torn off. Then the bikini briefs and the soggy plimsolls. For a moment I looked at her peeled body, then lowered it into the tub. The temperature dropped at once, so, holding her legs away from the side, I poured in more of the hot water.

She lay wedged there like a white mermaid, the lower strands of her fair hair trailing in the water. I was right, the pubic hair was crinkled and auburn, quite unlike the head. Her eyebrows were fair too. Glancing down again my eyes stopped at her breasts. What a pair. Large, rounded, stiff with cold. Where on earth had she tucked them when she sprawled against the rock? Gently I pressed down on them till they flattened out beneath my hand, spreading in a perfect circle with the dark maroon of nipple in the middle. Sliding my hand downwards the breast slowly filled out from the top, like a ball bobbing to the surface of the water, until it regained its perfect sphere.

For ten minutes she lay soaking, till her flesh began to soften with human warmth and her breathing seemed deeper. The mud and grit had loosened, so I washed her, starting with the hair spun neck, working down slowly, cleaning every part.

That little patch of auburn hair fascinated me, so that I rubbed a lather of soap into it, and curled it into foam flecked peaks and minarets. The short hairs caught at my fingers, pulling them as they ran through it.

The trip back to the towel on the settee was a soggy experience, so that I stripped out of my wet trousers before wrapping her round and giving her a thorough massage to restore the circulation. Lastly she had a mixture of hot water, whisky and tinned milk poured down her throat, and was lifted on to the bed in the corner. There was nothing to heat it, and as she slipped onto the cold sheet she spoke for the first time: 'Cold. So cold.'

She was shaking all over with the return of feeling, so I stretched down beside her to share my body warmth. Snuggling like a puppy, pushing gently as though trying to bury herself, she curled into me. She no longer felt so cold, but still needed hours of warm sleep to recover completely. Her body was straightening against mine, her nose nuzzling in, as she whispered: 'Warm me inside too.'

Her crisp fluff wriggled against my prick and, so help me, though I knew she was drugged with fatigue and whisky I slipped

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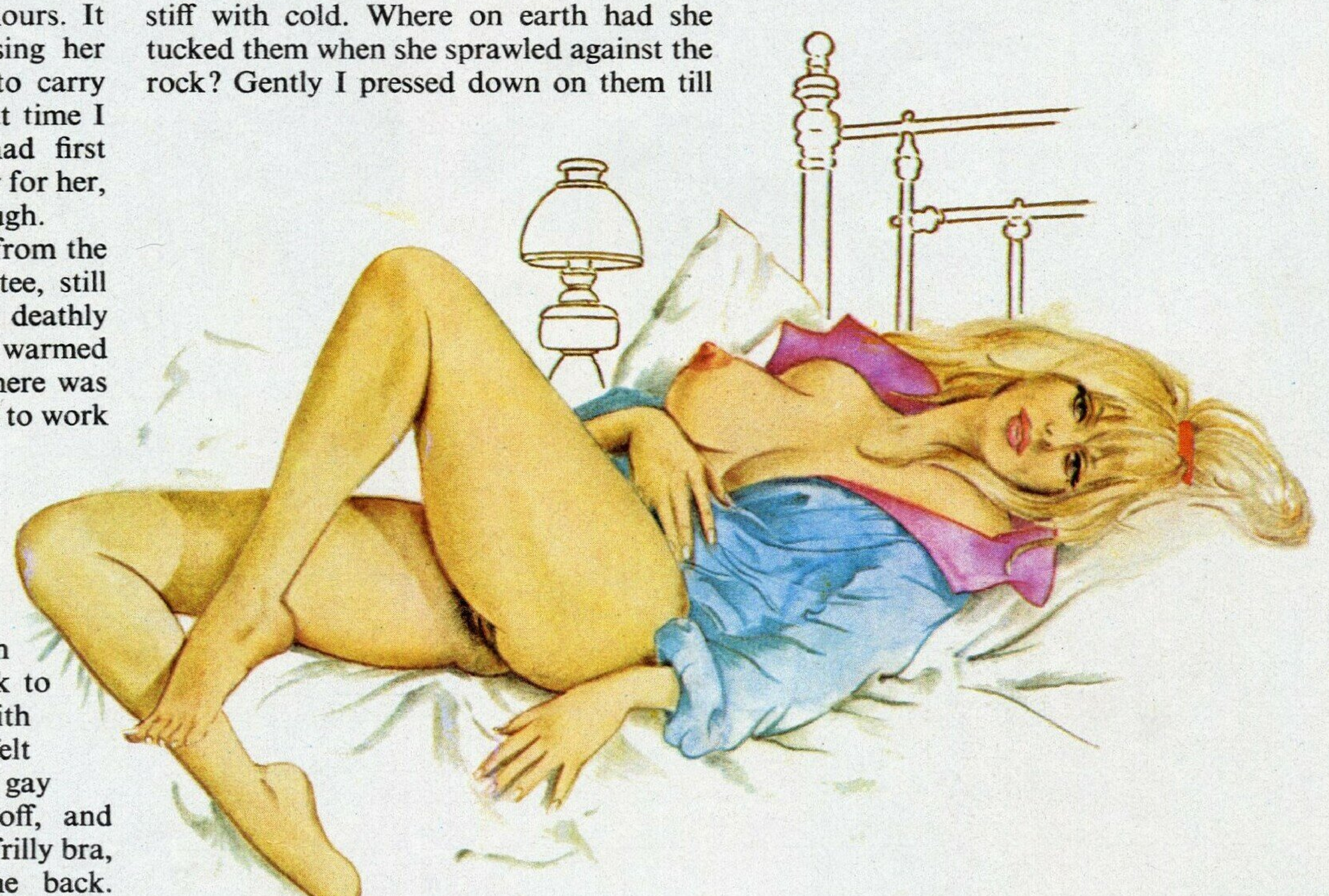
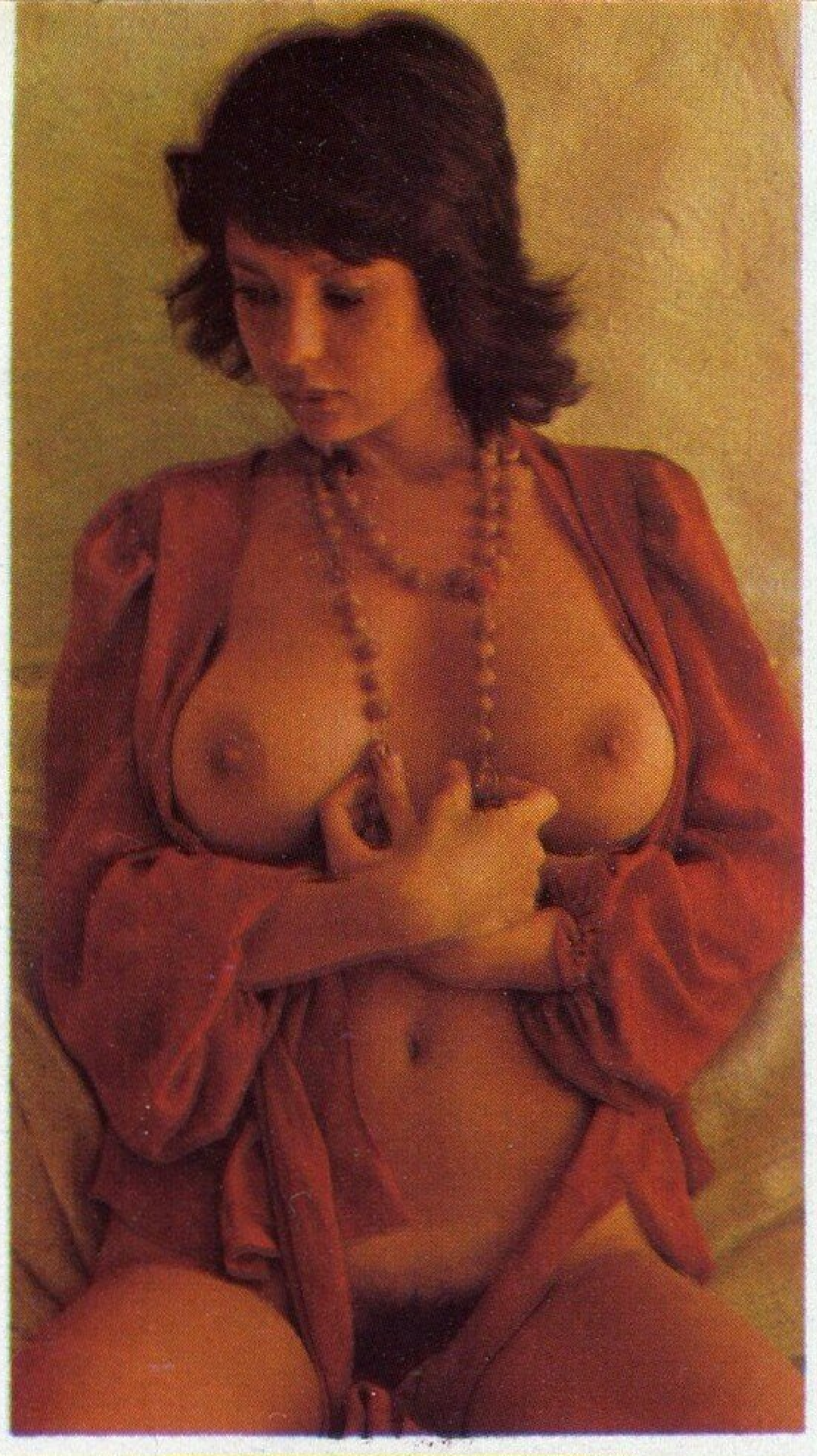


LUCY

Lucy Lunn is a Marshan. Not from the Red Planet itself, we hasten to add; nor does that straw-swath of auburn hair disguise horns or antennae. She comes from Romney Marsh in Kent, that bleak, dyke-cut slice of sheep grazing, home of miniature railways, atomic power stations and the legendary smuggler, Dr Syn. 'It's so funny,' Lucy jokes. 'Around Eastertime in Dymchurch they have a Week of Syn. You imagine all these visitors driving by, thinking, "Where are the orgies, where's it all happening?" And it's just a carnival.' Lucy's laugh is infectious. At 19 she has a 'little girl's' voice for which she needlessly apologises. 'I feel like a miniature Aimi MacDonald.' Barely five feet tall she may be but there's nothing girlish about her 38–24–36. 'Honestly,' she says, 'with a bust like mine I should be tall and willowy with long flowing



hair. When I was younger I used to dream of wandering over the marsh like that. All sleek and naked. Looming out of the mist. Sounds very Freudian, doesn't it?' She's felt better ever since a boyfriend first greeted her with: 'Jesus love, you've got a pair!' 'I was so embarrassed I was quite rude to him. It only occurred to me afterwards what a nice thing it was to say.' An art student, Lucy now spends half the year at a Midlands polytechnic, batting down the A20 at most opportunities in a delapidated Morris 1000 which she shares with three college friends. 'Not an ideal arrangement,' she admits. 'But my father lets us stay in a big caravan he keeps near Appledore. It's great for weekends and I can pop in and see my parents whenever I like.' And it brings her back to the marsh. 'I first came here when I was at junior school, so I'm not exactly a true blue Marshan. I think you have to have webbed feet to be that.' Lucy's ambition is to put Romney down on canvas. 'There are times when it's so quiet and still you can hear everything for miles around, and the sky looks so huge. I've never found anyone who's captured that quality. I'd love to be the first.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Five

Blue films have always been aimed at the male market, for private fun or as stag night teasers. But this month Quest has interviewed girls who had broken into the closed male circles and seen for themselves what it is that rouses men in private. Two of them expected to be amused. One thought she would not like them. None of them imagined she would be sexually excited. Although the girls proved to be good critics of the films and the techniques of the performers, there came a time when a particular sequence made them feel very randy. The effect it had was not identical, but they ended up wanting sex in a totally new and different way.

touched me in the vagina with his fingers. My God, the things he could do with his fingers, they were almost alive. I kept thinking I was coming in waves but each time he stopped just in time and he kept making me leave go of his penis. It was almost like a race between us to make the other come first.

Quest: Who won?

Secretary: Everybody won. Like the Walrus and the Carpenter. I was holding Alan in both hands and moving him up and down and he had three fingers inside me. I had to keep telling him to stop because he was driving me mad with frustration and I wanted him right inside me and I wanted to do it on top of him. In the end he let me get up and I made him lie on his back and I sat on his thighs and worked myself ever so slowly right on to him. But I felt all wobbly as soon as it went in little by little and finally it was all in and I started very slowly and moved my bottom faster and faster until I thought I was going to burst and then it happened: I always come much more marvellously when I'm on top but Alan hadn't and as I flopped over him he pushed me over on my side and came back at me with his penis and opened my thighs with his hands like a wheelbarrow, lifting my bottom right off the mattress and sank into me again. I gasped and went on gasping – he stroked me very powerfully, God he did, and he took his hands away from my thighs and started kneading my breasts very hard and all he said was: 'These are what I've been after all the time.' My nipples had been hard as iron since the film and they were beginning to ache especially the way he was squeezing them but I didn't say anything. I was too far gone. Then I felt him beginning to come like a big rush of warmth right into me. And that brought me with him. Whew, just as well I was on the pill. I was too far gone to do much else about it.

Quest: So the film played an important part in your affair with Alan.

Secretary: Yes, I might still be sitting round the office like a frustrated old maid racking my brains at how to get him in my bed. It made us more honest about wanting each other – especially me, me wanting him and I wasn't afraid to show it. More than anything else I could get into the frame of mind where I could seduce him without feeling guilty. Or ever without feeling self-conscious . . . Inhibitions, that's the word I want. That's important the inhibition thing. Something like that blue film makes you less inhibited, more open, possibly more honest, I think.

Quest: But you haven't subsequently watched films like these since?

Secretary: No, poor Alan knows I'm a randy wet knickered little lady. He doesn't need any further proof of that. Haven't you noticed the shadows under his eyes recently? I'm only joking. I can't see the point in watching any more films like that – they achieved what Alan hoped they would I think. Any more would just be a sort of anti-climax wouldn't they.

Quest: Thank you.

Next month in Mayfair

We've found her.... the Divinely Decadent girl of 1973

She smokes cigars for enjoyment, she wears stockings because it turns men on. She doesn't give a damn. She is sophisticated and uninhibited, and positively slinks with slow burning sex. As Sally Bowles expressed it in *Cabaret,* some pleasures are divinely decadent.

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LETTERS

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climax. Mine followed almost immediately after. When I think back I suppose we were both mentally there almost at the commencement. The whole thing must have lasted three to four minutes, and any casual observer would have seen little more than two heads facing the same way.

Afterwards we thought what a treat it would have been for anyone swimming underwater with snorkel and mask!

B.M., Darlington

There have been several letters about the size of the erect penis, and it seems to my husband and I that the figures given have been mere guesswork. Of course there is the occasional big erection, just as there is the occasional girl with a 45 inch bust, but in most cases the length is from five to six inches. Before I married I was a nurse for five years in a large hospital where we saw naked men and women every day, and quite often met erections. Men were seldom embarrassed and some of them wanted to talk about it, like one man who got an erection while I was attending to him and said: 'How's that for a fine big cock-stand? Must be nearly 10 inches!' He was affronted when I measured it and showed him that it was $8\frac{1}{8}$ inches! Size is of little importance in copulation so what is the point of claiming a size which would make the penis sexually useless?

I also saw some men in hospital who regretted that they had not been circumcised as they thought that the circumcised penis looked more sexy than the uncircumcised. In some cases there are medical reasons for circumcision, but when no such reason demands it surely the penis should be left in its natural state. I find it very interesting and exciting to see the 'helmet' freeing itself from the foreskin as erection progresses and it is clear and ready for my enjoyment.

A.M., Solihull

My English girlfriend and I have always been completely honest about our past adventures. She tells me the longest part of any of her previous boyfriends belonged to a Persian student who reached a monumental 10 inches when fully erect. It caused a lot of real difficulty in fact because my girlfriend's vagina is small and wide. She claims that she's never met an Englishman or a Swede (I am Swedish!) who approached those dimensions. We wondered if this solved the problem of different races having different sexual dimensions.

P.O., Gothenburg, Sweden

The latest information we have comes from London sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham, who after 30 years of study, confirms that the Arab organ does tend to be longest of all. But – and here's the rub – it is also markedly thinner than those of other races. Negroes, too, generally obtain a slightly greater length than Europeans and Caucasions, though a characteristic of the Negro penis is its sameness erect or limp. The smallest penis lengths are found in Indians and Pakistanis, among whom a $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch erection is a good average. The Japanese and Chinese register nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. And the English manage an extra inch, averaging between 6 and 7 inches. Sorry, but Dr. Chartham didn't look at the Swedes.

Reading your Quest interviews in Vol. 8 No. 5 has tempted me into relating a personal experience with edible creams and the like. It starts with my 24th birthday and the charming surprise my then girlfriend had planned for me. We had previously experimented with shaving soap, crazy foam, dream topping etc., and had found all these variations both exciting and sexually remunerative. However, when my birthday came round, I was to experience the thrill of a lifetime.

I went round to my girlfriend's flat as she had planned a little birthday treat for me. On entering the hallway I heard her calling from the bedroom: 'Hold on a moment, love.' And then she called me in. She was lying nude on the bed. Between her legs was a white substance – what later turned out to be icing sugar – and inserted in her vagina was a lighted candle which she called on me to extinguish.

The thrills I had that night

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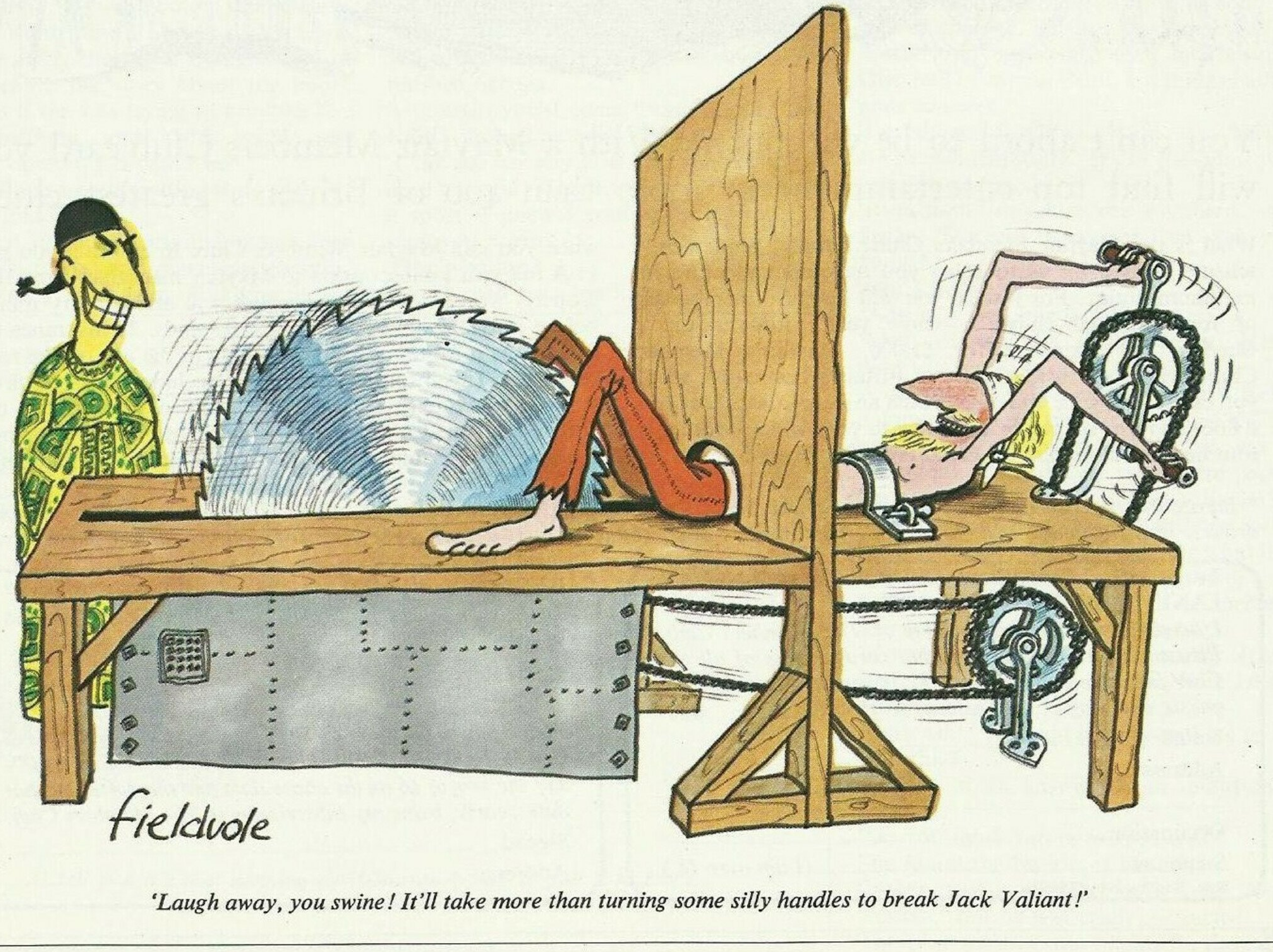

'Laugh away, you swine! It'll take more than turning some silly handles to break Jack Valiant!'

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have remained forever in my mind and although I no longer go out with her I still treasure that climatic moment and the love making that ensued.
D.M., Newcastle

A truly amazing experience. We can't, unfortunately, hold a candle to it.

Quest is, of course, one of the most consistently interesting features of the magazine. It prompts me to some questions of my own.
Once you've decided on the general topic for a round of interviews, how do you set about finding girls to interview who've had experience in that special subject and are willing to talk about it? I've never seen you advertise for them; do you have a panel of volunteers, or what? Surely there must be some system of selection – I can just barely imagine the expense of having hordes of questioners roaming the countryside, asking girls at random if they like having whipped cream licked off their pubes!
In general, do most of the interviews take place on location, or mostly in your office? Also, I've noticed that your published interviews seem to start in the middle, as it were, implying some preliminary preparing of the ground, though this isn't always evident. Presuming, as I must, that the girls know in advance what the topic is and have agreed to Tell All, do you nevertheless encounter a high proportion of initial shyness? Do you also encounter volunteers who go to the heart of the topic and become downright unprintable about it, at least not without some degree of editing?
J.B., (full name and address withheld)

Almost all of our Quest interviews are conducted by an outside team of researchers. The subjects tend to come after the results, so that in the space of six months, for example, we accumulate enough material for a Quest survey on one particular aspect of sexual experience. There is, of course, a high degree of initial shyness and some reticence in the more erotic areas of interviews. Often volunteers have to be led over the same ground several times. Having said that, the opposite does occur and it is in fact a by-word among Quest interviewers that once a girl has really started to talk it's often difficult to get her to stop! Another great help, of course, is that girls can see from previously published Quests that absolute anonimity is preserved.

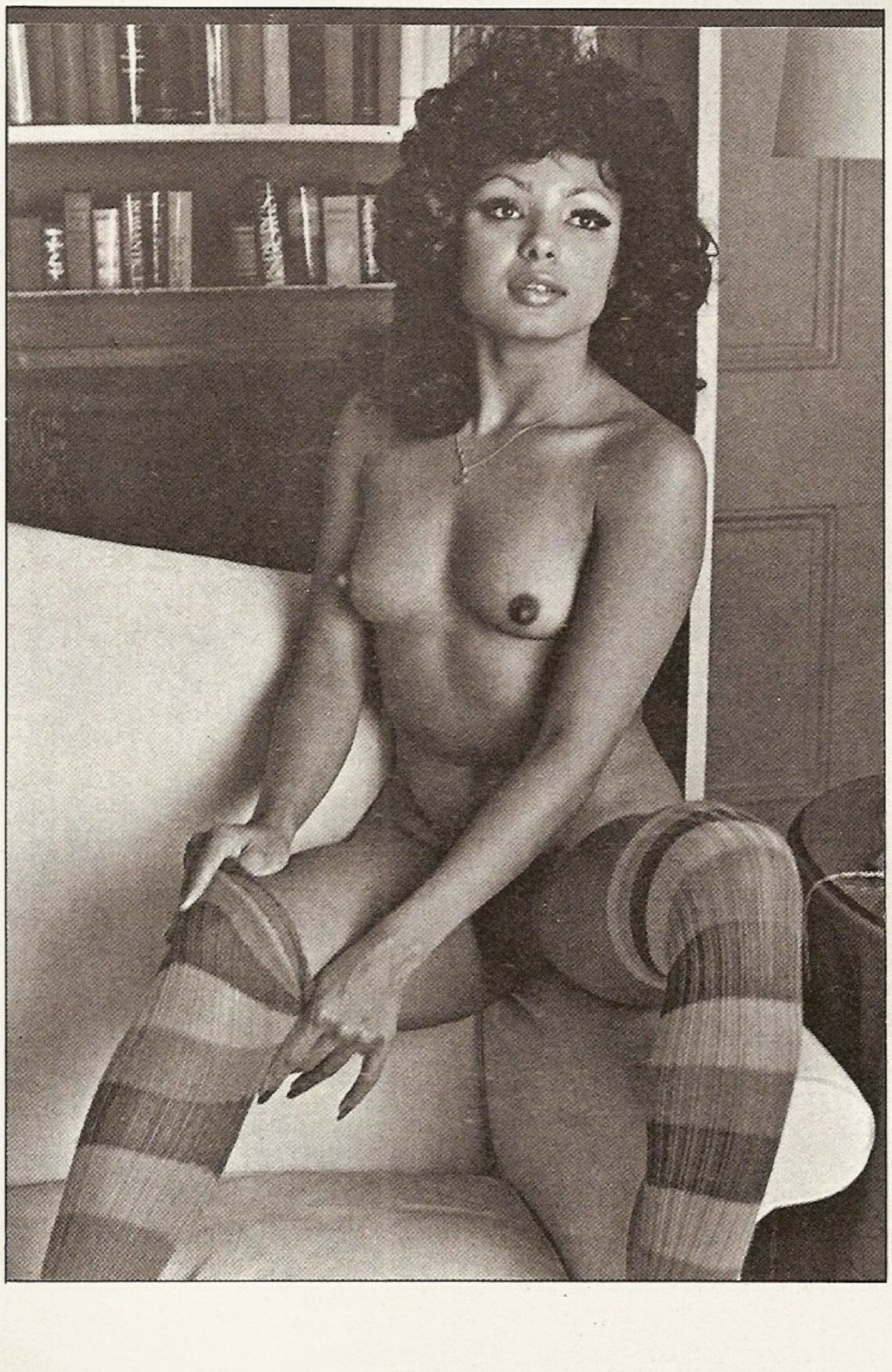
What a delight I had in Vol. 8 No. 4 when I turned the page and there was the magnificent body of Minerva. What makes her more appealing is the fact that one has seen her on television. So please, how about some more tele-birds? Perhaps you might persuade lovely Barbara Windsor to peel, or Madeline Smith.
Graham Thurston, Ipswich

Minerva Smith (Vol 8 No. 4), the official pin-up on Prince Charles's ship is just incredible. Whether HRH is a tit man, or, like most of us mariners, a crotch man, I bet he got a right royal turn on from the picture on page 73.
J.P.B., Portsmouth

I have recently become a subscriber to *Mayfair* in the form of joining the Members Club. The blurb states that one gets life insurance covering all forms of travel including loss of life as a result of being hijacked. This is all very nice but it fails to mention the fact that this insurance is only valid for U.K. residents. It was on the strength of this insurance policy that I joined the club in the first place because I travel a great deal by air and road. I think it would be fair to overseas readers if something was mentioned to the effect that the policy was not valid for non-U.K. residents.
R.D.B., Kenya

Sorry, sir, but the blurb in each issue does state that not every one can be insured and there must inevitably be exceptions. Your letter helps to underline our advice to readers to enquire first if there's any doubt at all about the scope of the cover.

The artist who does Carrie for you is a fine craftsman, but I've begun to notice a little monotony in his scenarios. Of the six issues I have, in four the poor girl is overtly raped three times and by implication nine times more; in another she's stripped forcibly and served to her public like a roast sow. And she faces each encounter and its aftermath with the same expression of wild-eyed dismay. Why is she so silly as to blunder almost every time into situations where she'll be violated (13 times in five issues, and mostly in public) when she seems to dislike it?
It would be much better if you and the 'Carrie' artist would get off this rape kick and let us see Carrie – *all* of her – getting a bang out of a bang, starting a la Carmo, continuing a la Cobb and ending with a blissful orgasm. Surely she deserves one by this time; she must be sore and desperate from the treatment you've meted out to her thus far.
Nilsson S. Frome, London WC2



Seeing the splendid pictures of Barbie-Jane in Vol. 8 No. 5 has prompted me to write to you about my girlfriend who possesses a figure similar to your model. In fact she is a little taller at 5 feet 5 inches, but has an identical bust measurement of 42 inches. Before she moved in with me she occupied the flat opposite mine but for a long time I knew her only as the girl across the landing.
She didn't appear to be attractive, always wore baggy, shapeless dresses and sweaters, and whenever she saw me she would quickly turn her back and scuttle away. Returning home one day I followed her up the stairs of our block of flats. I noticed she was carrying a bottle of rum and asked if she was holding a party but she just shook her head and went into her flat. That evening I had nothing to do and decided to get to know her better. I poured myself a glass of Coke and crossed the landing. When she answered the door I asked if I could borrow some rum for my Coke as I'd run out. I don't think she knew what to do for she laughed and tried to shut the door, but I more or less forced my way in. On the table was an open bottle. I poured myself a shot and jokingly reprimanded her for drinking alone. Then to my amazement she just sat down and began to cry. She told me she didn't

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go out alone or with boys because she became embarrassed. The reason was her big breasts; she hated being stared at. They certainly were very large.

I told her that people always stared when they saw something beautiful, and this at least cheered her up. A bit more chat and she agreed to come out with me.

An hour later we sat down in the pub. Her blouse didn't emphasise her breasts but it didn't exactly hide them either. It's true people stared but every time she became agitated I whispered, 'They're beautiful, beautiful,' and I made her repeat my words over again. On the way back to the flat I told her what a delicious bottom she had and when we climbed the stairs she did not object when I reached up her skirt and started tugging gently at her tights and panties. Inside her flat we petted and I started to ease off her blouse. She tried to break away but I held her and once again made her repeat the words 'They're beautiful.' Slowly she relaxed again and took off her blouse and then her bra. Her breasts were indeed beautiful, the biggest I had ever seen, cupped with hugely erect nipples. I felt that she wouldn't like me to touch them so soon after seeing them for the first time and I kissed and petted her for a long time before I told her I would like to kiss her nipples. She lay back and lifted one breast in her hands. At the same time I closed my free hand over the other breast. Suddenly she shuddered and pulled my mouth harder to her breast. After that there was no holding her.

Since that night she has changed considerably. She no longer dresses to hide her figure. Her whole body exudes sex in a most delightful way.

J.B., Glamorgan

'Belay there! The ship's vibrator be for officers only!'

I would like to make a plea on behalf of all connoisseurs of steatopygous women. The admirer of well-developed breasts is universally catered for in print. But there is a paucity of material illustrating well-developed buttocks, and without decrying the erotic appeal of the bust I would argue that such appeal is far stronger with regard to the bottom. No matter how big and unfettered are the breasts their jiggling up and down is unable to match the sensuous swivel, swing, swirl and sway of a voluptuous female rump for primitive sexual appeal.

Voluptarius

We make no apology for rushing straight to our Concise Oxford Dictionary to find that steatopygia is defined as 'excessive development of fat on the buttocks, esp. of women.'

While on leave in Manchester. my home town, I arranged to meet my ex-girlfriend for a drink in a fairly new bar. After a few drinks I thought she had not come and decided to go home, when two girls walked in, arm in arm. Thinking to myself that they must have been drinking, I watched them come to the bar and order two drinks. As they went to turn away one girl spilt her drink on my raincoat which was lying on the stool next to me. She apologised, and I said it was OK, it would clean off. To my surprise the other girl asked if I would like to join them. I said yes, giving up hope of seeing my girlfriend. We sat and talked and drank until last orders. I had borrowed my father's car so I asked them if I could give them a lift back home.

After a word with each other, they agreed. I stopped outside a large house and they asked me if I would like some coffee for bringing them home, and for talking to them in the bar. I said, 'Very nice' and went inside.

By now all three of us were very merry, and after prepar-

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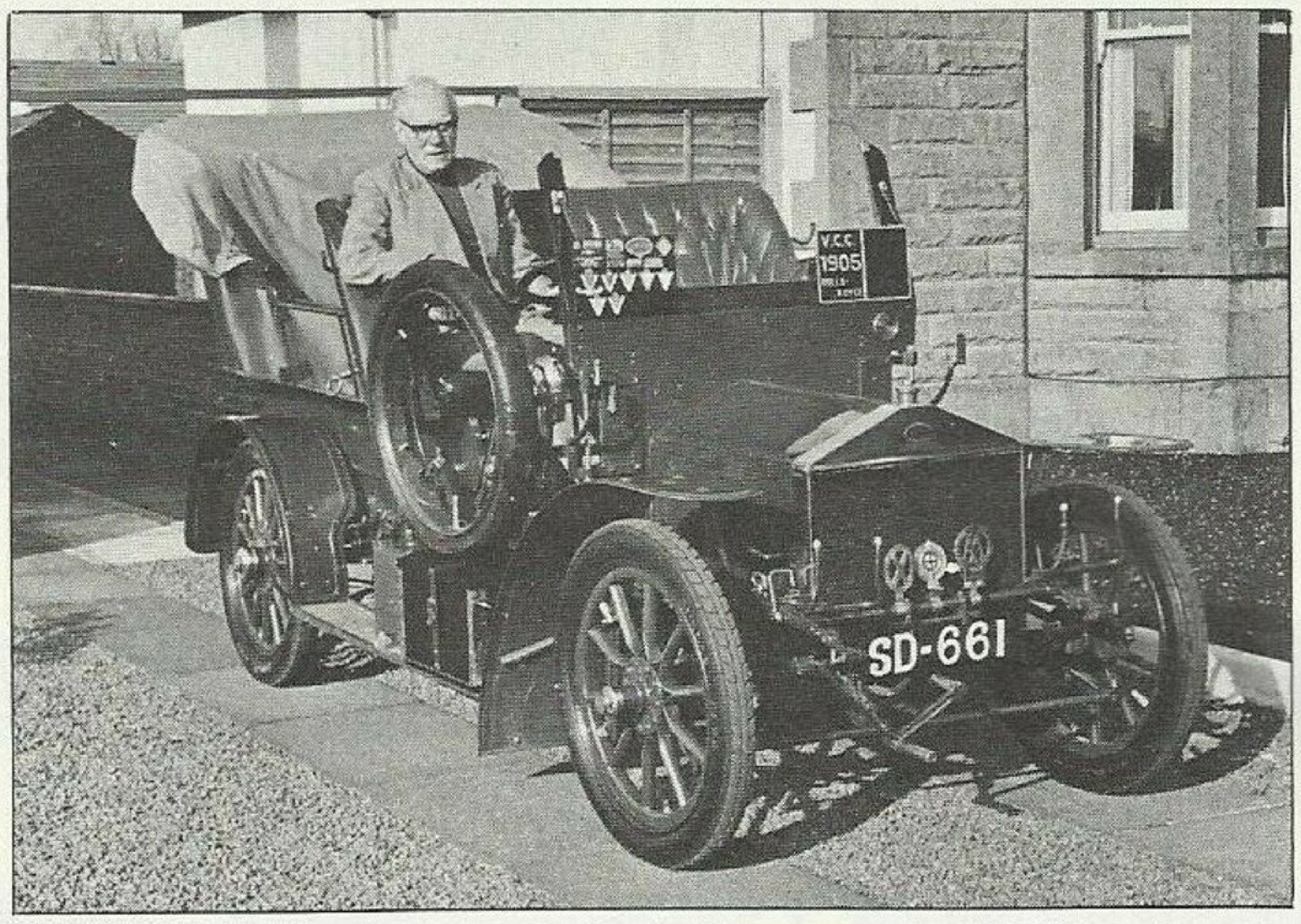
ing coffee the two girls made themselves at home, one sitting next to me and the other on a chair opposite. I suddenly realised that the girl opposite wasn't wearing any knickers and I couldn't help staring at her. Feeling very daring, I said, 'You'll catch cold.' 'Then I'll put on something warmer,' she said, got up and went out of the room.

Not knowing what to make of this, I sat chatting to the girl next to me. A few moments later she said she'd go and see where her friend was. After about half an hour I thought that the drink had made them tired and they had fallen asleep. I was just getting ready to go home when my name was shouted from the bedroom.

I went over to the door and was asked to come in. To my astonishment I saw that both girls had stripped off and were lying on the bed. One was on her stomach, and her friend turned round to face me, leaving her legs wide apart. Showing no embarrassment they asked me to get undressed and join them. I did so slowly and lay down between them on the bed. We examined each other without talking and I almost got to the point where I couldn't control my excitement. Then one girl started to kiss me, while her friend took me into her mouth. It was a great feeling as this was the first time I'd ever had this done to me. After a shattering orgasm the girls changed positions and started again. We went on for about an hour then we got up and had some more coffee before I left. They asked me to see them again, which I did for my three weeks' leave. I mislaid the girls' address so I've been unable to write to them and will have to wait until my tour ends in a couple of years. I hope that if the girls read this they will remember me.

P.W.W., Cyprus



I have just seen Vol. 8 No. 3 and you really have excelled yourselves on this occasion – the story of one of the world's great drivers, Nuvolari, and Anita Hemmings – this is the best yet, my two loves in one issue, great girls and motor racing.

The innocence of fellow (!) Yorkshireman Patricia Kemp is a joy to behold and the trek to all the pubs in the Dewsbury area must surely start today in the search for Pat's place of employment.

D. W. Cox, Retford, Nottinghamshire

As a magazine that has demonstrated its interest in the best traditions of motoring, I felt you would be interested in seeing the enclosed photograph of a very rare motoring bird indeed. It is a three cylinder Rolls Royce, which was completed by Henry Royce in 1905. Its owner is Mr. Adam McGregor Dick of Kilmarnock, Ayrshire (pictured at the wheel) who recently declined an offer to sell at £35,000. The vehicle runs as sweetly today as it ever did, despite having been powered on one occasion – Mr Dick tells me – by a gallon of Scotch.

R. M. Pepper, Holmston Road, Ayr

The letter from C.R. of Southampton in Vol. 8 No. 3 recalled an experience of mine, when as a young student I was on holiday in a fishing village in Scotland.

One morning I had stretched myself out with a book in a small, grassy niche a few feet below the top of a low headland that overlooked the harbour. I had been there about half an hour when I became aware of someone standing on the top of the bank above me. I turned my head and saw a fairly tall, solidly built young woman, perhaps in her late twenties or early thirties, wearing a loose frock and black stockings with a small working apron tied tightly round her waist.

Her eyes met mine and I made a comment on the fine day. She agreed and, recognising me as a visitor, asked if I was enjoying my holiday. Conversation developed and after a minute or two she sat down on the edge of the bank while I turned round, propping myself on my elbow. For a while she sat very properly, with her legs together, but for some reason, possibly to make herself more comfortable, she pushed her legs widely apart and sat with a hand resting on each knee.

Above the black stockings, held up by elastic garters, she had no underwear of any kind. I was now looking straight up at a massive pair of white thighs merging into the lower curves of equally substantial buttocks and at the junction a long, bulging, heavy growth of black hair. Either in the sultry warmth she had forgotten she was wearing nothing below her dress or she had not taken into account the degree of the slope between us. I realised that I was in a fantastic situation. Highly excited, I had to force myself to appear and talk naturally while in a straight line between my companion's face and myself was something I had never seen before, the genitals of a mature woman. My mind was in a whirl of conflicting emotions – powerful sexual excitement tempered by a fear that at any moment she might suspect what she was revealing and there would be embarrassment on both sides. Inevitably, very soon, I had another problem. My member, now very stiff, was clamouring for release. This naturally involved some body movement and flushing of the face and I felt sure she would be curious. But apparently no, for she went on chatting brightly as I regained my composure. Though I was only about five feet away I began to feel an urge to get even nearer.

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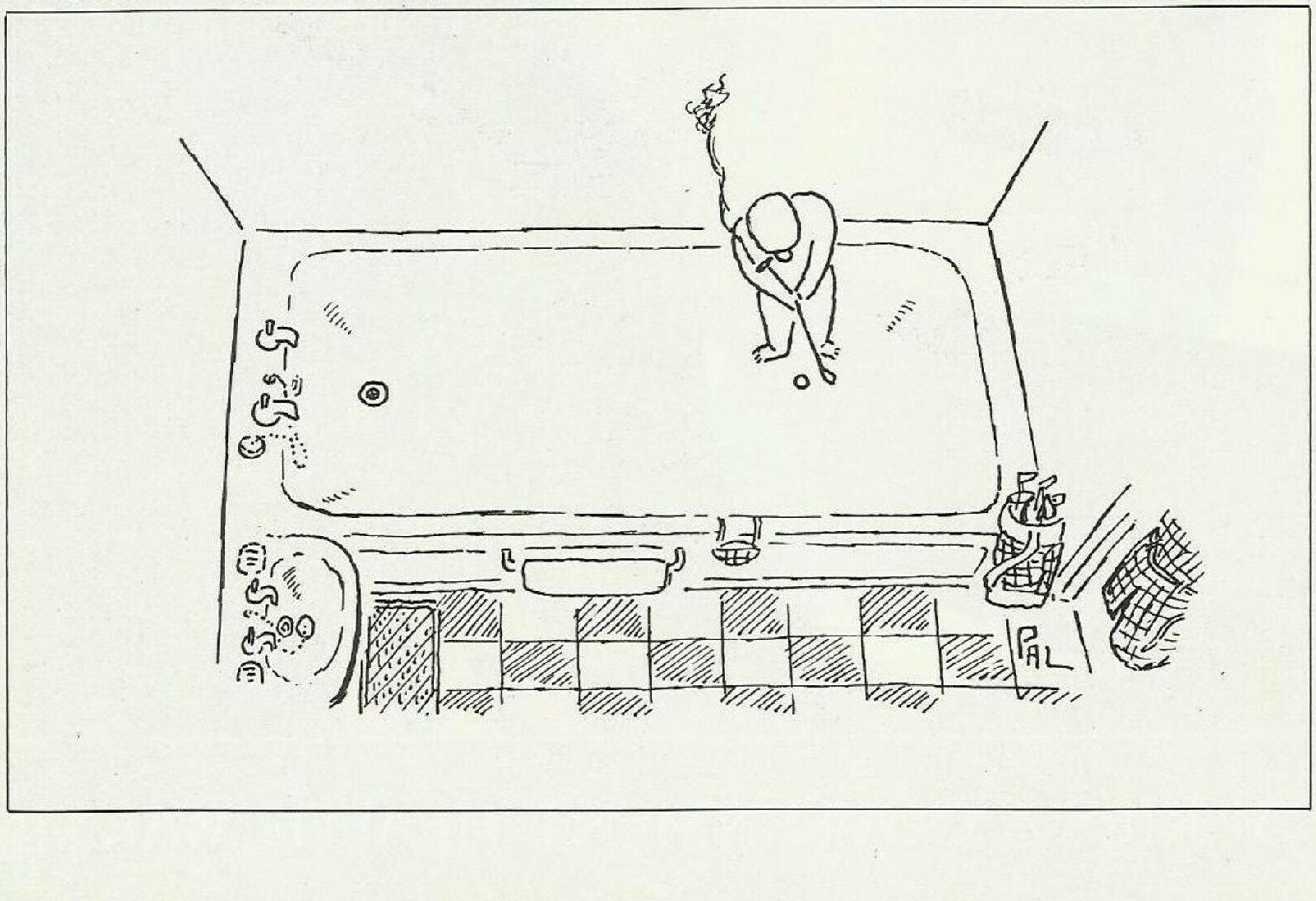

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The temptation was very strong and I had to fight hard to resist it, but as it happened I was saved by the woman herself, who suddenly announced that she would need to go and prepare a meal, gathered herself together and with a quiet smile bade me goodbye

For many days the experience lived with me and I was guileless enough to try and recapture it by going back to the same place. But my lady visitor did not appear again.

J.R.B., Glasgow

Being over here in Northern Ireland can throw some not inconsiderable strain on the Serviceman. On duty in the quiet (sic) hours of the early morning, reading and browsing is an obvious way of passing the time and the bottom cupboard drawer in our Operations Room is stacked full of likely material, the majority of which, I'm pleased to say, is made up of your excellent publication. Having seen a fairly large cross-section of like magazines we can assure you that your high formula never fails and your girls are by far the most appealing.

Keep up the good work – I might even get my wife to send me a copy instead of borrowing from the Sergeant Major!

Congratulations on your recent circulation figures, it's nice to know there are going to be many more copies lying around.

P. R. Bridge, Public Relations Officer, The 22 (Cheshire) Regiment, BFPO 801

I have admired strength and aggression in girls ever since a navy-blue-knickered tomboy of 11 took me on and throughly beat me in the school playground when I was 13, but my most recent experience of this nature occurred in Sweden.

I was visiting a co-ed teachers' training college. Turning the corner of the campus buildings one sunny afternoon I came upon this sight. A husky-looking, big-shouldered blonde girl student was straddling the chest of a struggling male student, pinning him to the turf. They were surrounded by other students, female and male. As I watched the young man succeeded in throwing his pretty opponent off him, but soon found his waist trapped between his opponent's big thighs. Her skirt was high, and she showed her white petticoat and the lacy trim of her white knickers as she began to squeeze him into submission. The boy only lasted another minute before surrendering to her and there was cheering and clapping from the spectators as she rose and straightened her clothes.

The same evening I was lucky enough to attend a party at which both the contestants of the afternoon were present, and several of the other youngsters eagerly persuaded them to fight again. The young man – at 24, I learned, six years the girl's senior – attacked furiously in an effort to erase his earlier humiliation, but the 18-year-old, her face flushed pink under her tan, wrestled him with the utmost coolness. Little pleased shouts arose from the girls as their champion mastered ours in one small test of strength after another, finally to pin him down beneath her to the carpet. The girl was wearing a mini skirt and very brief underslip, and as she lay across her male opponent we were torn between looking at her brown, sternly perfect buttocks, most fully displayed under her straining cotton knickers, or the boy's white face as he fought desperately to resist the pin. She then asked him if he'd mind if she sat astride his face for a few minutes, as she felt very much like doing so. He protested loudly, but to everyone's delight she ignored his appeals and pulling her skirt well back mounted his upturned face. The boy's body quivered and went still and the girl's cheeky triumphant grin vanished to be replaced by an expression of thrilled female pleasure as she wriggled herself down on him, closed her eyes and took her lower lip under her teeth.

To anyone who has not seen a young woman taking on and taming a young man in this manner, I can only say it is the most breathtaking experience imaginable.

B.P., Surrey

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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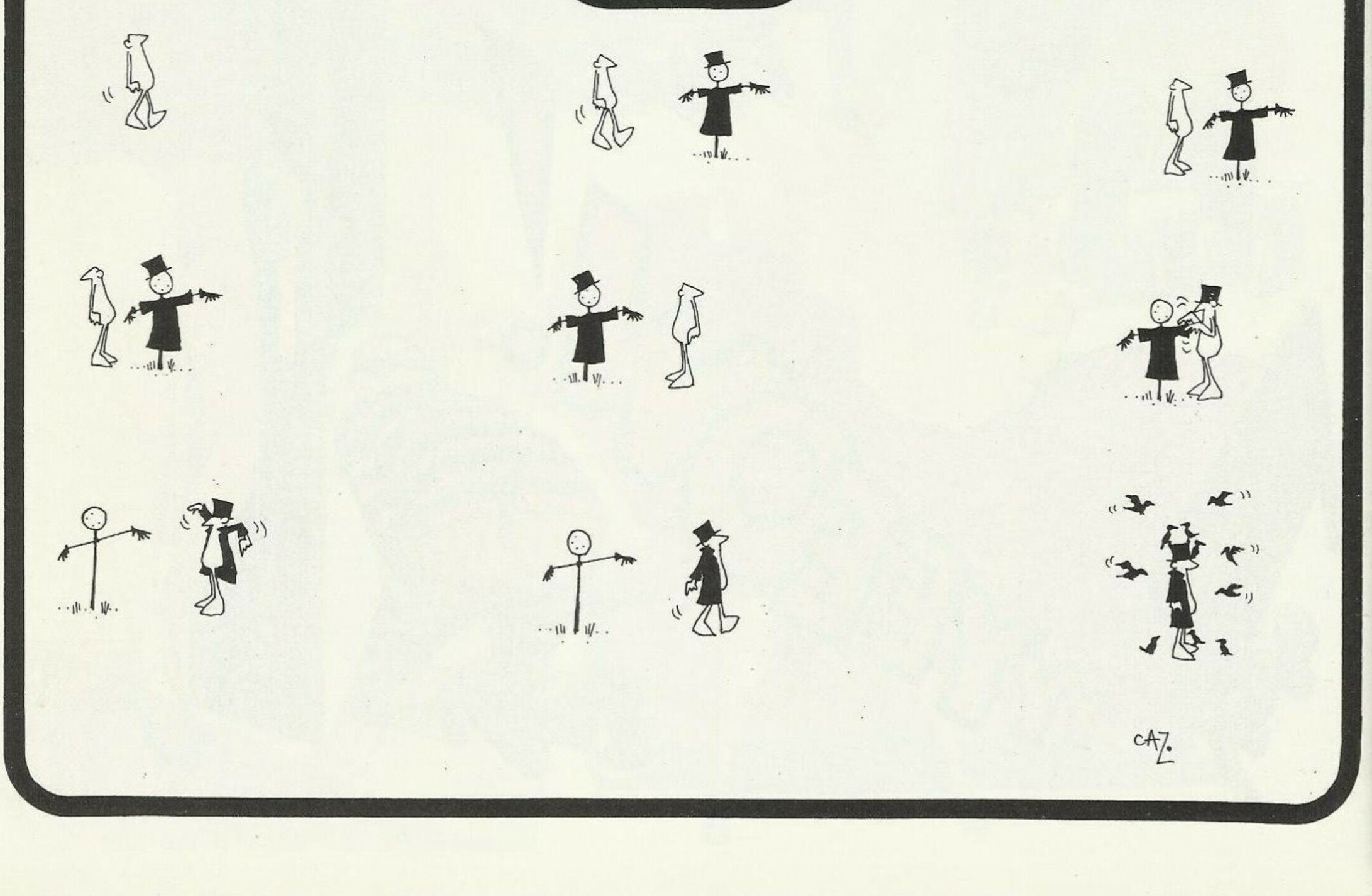

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